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WHEN NIGHT IS HERE.

BY E. N.

Heart of my heart, when the day was young,
Hope sang to life with a silver tongue;
Hope beckoned Love down a flowery way,
Where 'twas always morning and always May,
And two true lovers need never part—
Do you remember, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, when the noon was high,
Work showed the way we must travel by;
Duty spoke cold and stern in our ears,
Bidding us bear all the toil and tears,
Parting and losses, sorrow and smart—
Have you forgotten, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, in the setting sun,
We sit at peace, with our day's work done;
In the cool of the evening we two look back
On the winding pathway, the noon's rough track,
And the morn's green pleasance, where roses twine,
Heart of my heart—with your hand in mine.

Heart of my heart, when the night is here,
Love will sing songs of life in our ear;
We shall sleep awhile 'neath the daisied grass,
Till we put on the glory and rise and pass
To walk where eternal splendors shine,
Heart of my heart—with your hand in mine.

FOR HIM ALONE.

BY B. M. C.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE next moment Sir Rudolph had crossed the room, and taking me from Ulric's arms, kissed me.

"A good and charming wife you will have, Ulric," he said, and then a great sadness came over his face. I knew he was thinking of the time when he had made choice of a wife.

Lady Culmore came up to me hurriedly.

"Kate, I half guessed it. I was sure you loved some one. I have seen such a love-light in your eyes. I am very glad it is Ulric, for he will be so good to you."

She threw her arms around me, and as she kissed me I heard her sigh. Neither husband nor wife looked at each other. On Sir Rudolph's face there was an expression of great relief.

"Your news is good news to me, Ulric," he said—"very good news. Welcome, Kate!"—to me. And for the first time I noticed toleration in his eyes when he looked at Lady Culmore.

I thanked them for their kindly greeting, resolving in my heart that I would be a true and loving sister to them.

"But little Willie," I said, "we must not forget him. You, who love me, let me go to nurse him. I shall come back soon; I am not afraid. The little one will die without care."

"Once, and for all, I say no!" cried Ulric. "You shall not go. I am sorry for the Rector; sorry from my heart for the child; but I cannot sacrifice you for them. What do you say, Rudolph?"

"I say decidedly that she must not go," replied Sir Rudolph. "I will not hear of it!"

Then Lady Culmore came to where we were standing.

"No, you must not go, Kate. For you are love, life and brightness—for me—— Ah, well, dear, you will fill my station far better than I should! I will go and nurse the sick child."

She turned to her husband, her face eagerly expectant. She went up to him with clasped hands. She did not touch him; one rebuff had proved quite enough for her.

"Heaven has sent me this chance," she said. "You see it for yourself. Oh, let me go! Do not refuse me, Rudolph! It is my first prayer to you since——"

"Hush!" he said, but not unkindly. "Hush!"

"Let me go, Rudolph!" she cried. "I feel that Heaven has offered me this one chance! let me avail myself of it. You know, you know——"

She bent her head near him, and we heard her say:—

"'A life for a life!'"

"Let me save this one," she pleaded; "let me give mine for it, if needs must be! Say that I may go!"

Still he hesitated, and a look came into his eyes that I had never seen there before. He must have loved her passionately once.

"You ask me to let you go to certain death. Do you know that?"

"Yes, I know; but I may save a life. In any case, I shall offer mine for it. And, if I die, you will forgive me? Ah, do not turn from me, Rudolph beloved; do not be angry with me! You will forgive me when I lie dying; and Heaven will be good to me, and let me die when I am looking on your face. Oh, beloved, I would die a hundred deaths for one word of pardon from you—a hundred deaths!"

His eyes were full of tears. I saw that he dared not trust himself to speak.

"Certain death has no fear for me with the prospect of your forgiveness and a farewell from you when I lie in the dark shadow. Oh, beloved, what is my life but living death? Oh, love, if I loved you less, I should suffer less! May I go?"

When I asked the question, he had answered promptly, "No;" when she asked it, he hesitated. Yet from that moment I knew he loved her with his whole soul. What could possibly have come between these two who loved each other with so great a love? Ulric and I looked on fascinated. They forgot us.

"Think," she said to him, "what an atonement it will be! When you remember my sin, you will remember also the amends I tried to make. Ah, beloved," she cried, bursting into passionate tears, "you told me yourself you could love me no more in life, but might in death! Oh that I might die—die by fire, by torture, by the sword, if with it I might have pardon from you and die looking at you! Rudolph beloved, may I go?"

He was none the less a brave man that the tears fell from his eyes as he answered:

"Yes."

* * * * * * *

There was some little commotion in the household when it was known that Lady Culmore had gone to the Rectory. Was the master mad, the servants asked each other, to let her go when he knew what had happened? A beautiful creature like that to go into the very arms of death.

Mrs. Harper came to me with tears in her eyes.

"I always thought it would end in this way," she said. "You will see, miss, my lady will die. I say that she is a saint and a martyr, let who will say different."

And indeed that seemed the only opinion about the matter. Small-pox had been almost unknown in the pretty town of Ulladale. Some poor girl born there had been in service in Liverpool, had come home ill with it, and from her the contagion had spred. The people were terrified. Neither for love nor money could the Rector get any one to go to his house.

Sir Rudolph was restless and miserable after his wife had gone. Ulric and I made no allusion to the discussion that had taken place between them. It was a sacred matter between husband and wife. Whatever wonder or curiosity it raised in us, we never spoke of it.

We were very dull at Ullamere after Lady Culmore went. Happily one of the housemaids had no fear, and would accompany her, so that we had the comfort of knowing that she was not alone. Neither Sir Rudolph nor Ulric had any fear of contagion.

They went over to the Rectory two or three times a day. Lady Culmore never saw them; she would not need little Willie, and the Rector would not allow them to enter the house.

Day succeeded day, and still the little fellow lay battling with the fell disease. On all sides we heard hearty praises of Lady Culmore. Meanwhile a nurse from London had been installed at the Rectory, but little Willie would have none of her. The servants said that Lady Culmore was giving her life for him, little knowing how true their words were.

At first none of the doctors had hope. Malignant small-pox at the age of three was most exceptional, and they did not see the slighest chance of recovery; but Lady Culmore's nursing was so invaluable that, if anything could save him, that would.

Onlookers related afterwards, with tears in their eyes, how she nursed and tended the little one; how she soothed his long agony; how she never left him either by night or day, but was satisfied with broken snatches of sleep by his side; how the little fellow moaned for her, cried for her, and would never be pacified but by her.

"She is giving her life for him," they said one to another, little thinking how true their words might prove.

It was an anxious time for us; and Sir Rudolph was most unhappy. At last news came from the Rectory. Little Willie was decidedly better; he had asked for the kitten and for Kate. Ulric's face cleared as he read the letter.

"We shall have some happy days yet," he said. "I shall be glad to see the child safe and well."

Years afterwards I saw the letter that Lady Culmore wrote to her husband when the child was believed to be out of danger, little dreaming that, after all her care, he would be an angel first.

"BELOVED RUDOLPH:—

"Do you remember the words, 'a life for a life?' I took away one; I have saved another. The child is out of danger, and will recover; but I am very ill. Shall I come home to die, or will my atonement be more complete if I remain away from you? Remember, that you promised that I should die looking on your face. I feel that Heaven has forgiven me!"

There were weeping and wailing at Ullamere when it was known that Lady Culmore lay at death's door. She had not been smitten down by smallpox, although she had hung over the child night and day, soothing him; but fever had stricken her. She had no warning of her coming illness. She fell one night as she was singing the child to sleep. She rallied sufficiently to write that letter, and she rallied no more.

Every precaution was taken, and Lady Culmore was brought to her old rooms in the eastern wing.

She was alarmingly ill. The doctors called it low fever. I think that it was exhaustion, and that she really given her life to the child. She had all her senses, all her faculties, but no strength. She could not raise her hands. To my intense delight, I was allowed to help in nursing her; and I tried my best to cheer her.

The sun came shining into her room; the summer air was sweet now with heliotrope and mignonnette. We could hear the birds singing, and the winds stirring the branches of the trees. But there were no terrible fancies now, there was no dream of a child's voice crying, or of a child's tiny hand rapping against the window-pane. Sometimes in her sleep she spoke of little Willie.

One morning she called me to her. I knelt by her side and she drew my face down to hers.

"Kate," she said, "I loved you the first moment that I saw you. I am so glad, my dear, that you will be Lady Culmore."

"I shall never be Lady Culmore," I said. "I am to be Ulric's wife."

"Rudolph will never marry again, and I am going to die," she replied. "You will be Lady Culmore, Kate, and I am glad of it. I wonder when I shall die? I am impatient for the time, for I have a fancy that Rudolph will let me die in his arms.

"Let me know when the doctors tell you that my hour is come. When I am gone you will all know the truth about me. I could not bear that you should know it while I live; but you cannot hurt me by words or looks when I am dead."

"Nor would I ever willingly hurt you at all," I said; but she whispered faintly;

"You do not know, dear; you do not know what I did."

"I do not care!" I cried impetuously. "I am quite sure you could not do anything very wrong."

"You think so?" she murmured, with a faint wringing of the hands. "Kate, you will know my story some day; always remember that it was for his sake, and because I loved him so. You must not forget."

Thinking over the whole story as I do now, I am sure that the best thing she could have done was to keep her sad story secret. Even loving her as I did, I could not, after I had heard it, have gone to her and kissed her. It was much better that we should not know the truth while she still lived. What could we have said to her?

One evening Lady Culmore was lying as I thought, fast asleep. Everything in the house was calm and still; not a sound broke the silence. It was my turn to sit up with her, one of the nurses sat in the adjoining room. I was thinking that Lady Culmore slept soundly, and was perhaps a trifle better, when suddenly she opened her eyes, with a bright, pleased, surprised smile.

She half raised herself on her elbow, and looked at the door. Even to this hour I can recall the thrill of horror that passed through me when I saw and heard her. With a bright smile she looked at the door, and held out her hands, as though in living greeting.

"Little Willie," she exclaimed, in her low weak voice, "little Willie, how did you come here?" Her eyes seemed to follow some shadowy form, as though it moved from the door to her bedside. "Little Willie," she cried again, "what has brought you here?" She seemed to wait for his answer; and then she added, "To take me with you—me? Are you quite sure, darling?" Another pause; then she said, "Of course I will. I must see Sir Rudolph; then I will come. Wait for me, little Willie."

I knew that he was at home in his little white bed, fast asleep, and well watched. I touched her gently.

"Lady Culmore," I said, "you are dreaming."

She looked at me, and I saw death in her eyes.

"I am not dreaming, Kate; I am wide awake. Do you see little Willie? There he stands, my dear, the little darling child. He says that he has come for me, that he has been sent for me—wretched, guilty, miserable me!"

"Dear Lady Culmore, you are dream-

ing," I said. "Little Willie is safe at home."

"She does not see you, Willie dear, she remarked faintly; "but I do. Wait for me. Kate, call Sir Rudolph; the message has come."

Yes, there was death in her eyes, those beautiful eyes that had shed so many tears, and would shed no more. I roused the nurse, and sent for Sir Rudolph and Ulric. Verily the hour was come.

In less than five minutes they were both in the room, and, looking at the white face on the pillow, they saw at once that the Angel of Death stood over her.

"My poor Nest!" cried Sir Rudolph; and he sank upon his knees with a bitter cry.

Before I relate what happened next, let me say that the first news which reached us in the morning was that little Willie was dead. He had died quite suddenly in the middle of the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY CULMORE opened her eyes at the sound of her husband's voice, and laid her hand upon his bowed head.

"You will let me touch you, Rudolph," she said, "now that I am dying? You promised me forgiveness and a last farewell. Oh, love, kiss me! Oh, love, how I have loved you!"

The sweet faint voice sounded clearly and distinctly in the room. She looked round on Ulric and myself with loving eyes.

"You will tell them when I am dead," she said. "Tell them all the truth, and let them judge me as they will. If I have sinned I have suffered. To live near you always, to see you, to breathe the same air with you, to be called by your name, yet to be farther apart from you than an utter stranger—oh, love, that has been torment to me.

"I have seemed to die every hour since that horrible night. I see my sin, my terrible sin, and I am glad to die." With a sudden accession of strength, she rose and cried, in a voice that was almost terrible. "Love, let me die in your arms!"

"Grant her request, Rudolph," said Ulric.

Sir Rudolph rose from his knees and took her in his arms. With a cry that I shall never forget, she laid her head upon his breast.

"Let me die looking on you," she said, in a plaintive voice; and, clasping her arms round him, she added:—

"Listen to me, beloved! Here, as I am dying, I avow the great sin of my life. It was been wild, mad passionate love of you. I have given you the love I should have given to Heaven. I have lived for you, sinned for you—I die for you."

He bent down—ah, thank Heaven he did it—and kissed the pale lips. He whispered something to her, and she replied. Then she said:—

"Tell them as soon as I am dead, Rudolph, before you call strangers in. Tell them all."

She lay silent some minutes, with the light of peace on her face.

"At last—oh, my love, at last!" she said. "Rudolph, say once more that you forgive me."

"I forgive you, my darling," he answered, his voice trembling—"I forgive you. Die in peace; and may Heaven pardon you as I do."

I saw a smile pass over her pallid features; and she died as she had prayed that she might, with her eyes fixed on his face.

He laid her down gently to rest, weeping such bitter, passionate tears as men seldom shed.

"Have I been too hard on her?" he cried. "Have I judged her too harshly? Was I too severe? Oh, Nest, it is all too late now!"

Too late! Her ears were closed to all mortal sounds. Words of love or regret, of passion or sorrow, would reach her never more.

"A life lost, wrecked, ruined!" he said. "Oh, Nest, in our happy young days how little we dreamed of this! Mercy is best. I—I wish I had been more merciful. But she died as she wished to die."

Ulric and I stood by in silence. Sir Rudolph knelt down by the dead woman's side, and I cannot think of his passion of grief not without tears.

The pent-up love of long months was lavished on her then. He kissed the white brow and the golden rippling hair, he called her by every endearing name. One such word a few short hours before would have flooded her whole soul with joy; now the white face was still, and the lips that had sighed, pleaded, and prayed were closed for ever.

"Kate," whispered Ulric, "come away. We will leave him here."

But Rudolph looked up at us with weeping eyes.

"Nay," he said, "do not go yet. You know what she said. I was to tell you her story as soon as she was dead. Let me tell it to you now, and it will be buried with her."

So, standing there, his hand clasping the hand of his dead wife, Sir Rudolph told us the story of her life and her sin.

When Sir John Culmore, father of Rudolph and of Ulric, died, he left three sons—the eldest, Richard, who succeeded him; the second, Rudolph, who was then a captain in the Army, the third, Ulric, my lover, who was a barrister practising in town.

When Sir John died, he was succeeded by his eldest son, who then became Sir Richard Culmore of Brooke. He was a kind generous man, and devoted to his brothers. Captain Rudolph Culmore and Ulric spent the greater part of their leisure-time at Brooke. Between the brothers the greatest possible affection—nay, the most tender love existed.

They resembled each other greatly. They were tall, dark handsome men, noble, and generous. The two younger sons had but a very small patrimony. Rudolph lost the greater part of his money in some speculation by which he had hoped to double it; Ulric worked hard at his profession.

Sir Richard was generosity itself. He insisted upon making both brothers a very handsome allowance. They were unwilling to accept it, but they made a compromise. They agreed to take it until the elder brother married; then, they persisted in saying, he would want it himself.

So it was arranged, and very happy they all were. At last, Sir Richard, during one of his visits to London, fell in love with Ethel, daughter of Lady Haslewood.

Captain Rudolph Culmore, rendered curious by his brother's enthusiastic description of his betrothed, went to see her, and at once became a victim to the charms of her cousin, Nest Haslewood, an orphan whom Lady Haslewood had adopted when the girl's parents died. Sir Richard was delighted.

There was some question just then about the Captain's regiment being ordered abroad, so that, on that score, apart from other obstacles, nothing was said about his immediate marriage. But there was no obstacle to that of the heir of Brooke with Ethel Haslewood; therefore the important ceremony took place without loss of time.

The bride was a beautiful and queenly woman, fair, graceful and stately. She was deeply in love with her husband, who had a passionate affection for her.

The two brothers were present at the wedding; Nest Haslewood was one of the bridesmaids. The event passed off with the greatest eclat. The happy bride and bridegroom went off to the Continent, and returned, after six weeks' absence, in great state to Brooke.

Nest was persuaded to live with her cousin, and for a few months everything went merrily "as a marriage bell." The Captain heard no more of the departure of his regiment, and was continually running over to Brooke.

Captain Culmore had only his pay—he had lost his private fortune—and beautiful Nest had nothing, so that it might and probably would be years before their marriage could take place. The eldest brother, Sir Richard, made most liberal offers to Rudolph. He would have shared his income with him, but the Captain would not consent.

It would be an injustice to take it, he said, now that Sir Richard was married, and might have children of his own to provide for. He said that Nest and he loved each other truly, and were not afraid to wait—that he should do his best, and work hard for promotion.

The Captain was passionately attached to Miss Haslewood, but he was more philosophical than she was. He looked upon the postponement of the marriage as a necessity which there was no need to bewail, while she brooded in silence over what she considered a most cruel fate.

* * * * * * *

Sir Richard and Lady Culmore had been married little over a year when a terrible tragedy happened. Sir Richard was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun. The bullet lodged in his heart and he fell dead.

There was terrible consternation and distress. Messages and telegrams were dispatched in haste, and before the end of the day both brothers were at the Hall. No words could tell their grief at the sad news.

Sir Richard had left no will; but, after a long conference with the lawyers and an interview with Lady Culmore herself, it was arranged that everything should remain as it was.

Lady Culmore, even in the midst of her great grief, was not altogether desolate, for in a few months she would be the mother of a little child. If this child were a boy, he would, of course, succeed both to title and estate—if a daughter, Captain Culmore would assume title and take the estate.

He himself behaved most nobly. Nothing could exceed his kindness to the young widow. He insisted that she remain at Brooke Hall, that every care and attention should be lavished upon her. He went continually to visit her. He was as kind and devoted as the most loving brother could possibly have been.

Nest Haslewood remained during this anxious period with her cousin at Brooke, and she too, as nurse, was most devoted. There were times when Nest rebelled against the hard fate of her lover and herself.

"It does seem hard," she would say to him, "that a little child should stand between you and this grand inheritance, does it not?"

But the Captain would laugh at her, and never made the slightest comment on the state of affairs. His brother's wife and child were sacred to him. If he felt the slightest disappointment, he did not show it. But Nest with difficulty concealed her annoyance.

So the days and weeks passed anxiously, and at last the hour came when Lady Culmore was blessed by the birth of a son and heir. Captain Culmore had been sent for, and he arrived an hour before the young mother died. She lived long enough to place the child in Rudolph's arms.

"I should like him to be called Bertie," she said; "and I entrust him to you—you and Nest."

They both knelt by her side. She took a hand of each, and held it in her own.

"No trust could be more sacred than this which I confide to you both," she said. "Take care of my little son. I leave him to you; let him be to you as a son of your own.

"You will look after his interests, Rudolph; it will be many a day before the broad lands of Brooke fall to him. Nest, you have been like a sister to me; take care of my child. You will be married, and you must come to live here, to be the guardians of my child."

And kneeling there, they promised her most faithfully to care for and cherish the child as though it were their own.

I will tell the remainder of the story in Sir Rudolph's own words. He was still kneeling by the side of the bed, and his tempest of grief was over.

"Kate, you will perhaps understand me best," he said, "when I tell you that from the moment the young mother, dying, placed that child in my arms I loved it tenderly. I am not ashamed," continued Sir Rudolph, "to tell you that I knelt down and kissed the little face of my brother's son, and that I promised loyal fealty and true service to him. I promised to look after his interests as though they were my own.

"'Sir Albert Culmore of Brooke!' I said, then saluting in soldier fashion the baby heir.

"We had taken the child into the nursery which the poor young mother had prepared with such loving care. We installed the little Sir Bertie in great state.

"A nurse had been engaged for him. She was a tall stout woman, and she sat before the fire, with the little bundle of white flannel and white lace on her knee. Her name was Martha Jennings.

"'Do you think the little one is strong, nurse?' I asked.

"'No one can tell, sir,' she answered, 'at this age. It will be against him, poor little child, losing his mother.'

"I laid my hand upon Nest's shoulder.

"'This lady will be the most tender of mothers to him,' I said.

"But the nurse shook her head.

"'A child has but one mother, sir,' she said.

"Nest bent down to kiss him.

"'I will be a loving mother to you, baby,' she said.

"And I wondered if the mother in heaven could see the fair little child lying there, with its two protectors, Nest and myself. Ah, poor Nest!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Another's.

BY C. S. J.

"PEOPLE laugh at the coincidences invented by story-writers," said Theodore Danforth to his cousin Thomas as they stood on the deck of the steamship Huron, making her way across the North Pacific in the direction of Vancouver Island; "you bet few of them are so unlikely as those which really happen. Here am I, a fellow out of favor with his family, knocking about the world in pretty well every quarter of it, and I take passage for the goldfields to find my cousin Tom third officer on board the ship."

"It has taken us ten years to come across each other, Theo," replied the cousin.

"Yes, it is just that time since we both went to sea," said Theo. "But you stuck to it, like a good boy, whilst I had to desert."

"Have you been home since?" asked Tom.

"Only that one time," answered his cousin. "My father called me a scoundrel, and informed my owners where they could find me, so I bolted. Well, I guess my adventures would take longer to tell than yours."

"Yes; but I am on my way to a happy and prosperous haven. I am engaged to my cousin, Edith Osgood, whose father will give me command of a ship and a share in its earnings."

"Dear me," exclaimed Theo, "is little Edith grown up? How time flies! But you forget, Tom, that the chances of the goldfields are not to be despised. Who shall say that the next three months will not make me a plutocrat, without the encumbrance of a wife?"

"There, at least, we are different," said Tom. "What you call an encumbrance, I esteem at the blessing of my life. But great is our resemblance physically, there could not be two men more unlike each other in taste and conduct."

"Well, I mayn't find any gold, or I may be frozen to death as I come back with it. Anyway, it is more pleasant to go your own road, however rough it is, than to be compelled to walk on velvet at another man's order."

Tom smiled compassionately. He suspected that his cousin was as irregular and, in truth, lazy as he had ever been.

"Are you so sure of success?" asked Theo. "May not shipwreck and drowning frustrate all your plans? Perhaps those tatoo marks on your arm may some day be the only means of identifying the body of a drowned sailor. Maybe that is the object you had in disfiguring your skin."

"If there be no greater stain on my hand than that which comes from a little gunpowder," answered Tom, "I may face death on land or sea."

Then he left Theo by himself, and the cousins saw little of each other for the next few days, as Theo had hurt his hand and kept himself very much in his cabin until he recovered the use of it, and even then he wore a glove over the injured extremity.

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There were great rejoicings at Humphrey Osgood's house in Hampshire, a few weeks after the date of the conversation between the two cousins which has just been narrated.

"Only think," said Julia Osgood. "Tom will be here in three days, and next October will be married to Edith. Fancy, Edith, your becoming Mrs. Tom Danforth!"

Julia, who was three years younger than her sister, always talked as if Edith were no older than herself.

"I shall not be Mrs. Tom, but Mrs. Thomas," said Edith, with an assumption of dignity. "Ladies are not called after their husbands' nicknames."

"I don't call Tom a nickname," replied Julia. "Indeed, I like it better than Thomas. How long has Tom been away? Let's see. The last time he was here I had gone back to school. Why, I haven't seen Tom for four years."

"It was a year last December since"—Edith was going to say "since Tom proposed to me," but being afraid of Julia's free-and-easy manner of expressing herself about her sister's engagement, she substituted—"since Tom was here."

The three days at last ran their course,

though had so brief a time appeared so long, not only to Edith, but to all Tom's relatives, who gave him a most hearty welcome upon his arrival.

But there was a slight sound of discord when Mr. Osgood returned from his office.

As the family sat at dinner, Tom's uncle broke a momentary silence by abruptly remarking:

"You did not tell me that Theodore was drowned in the North Pacific, Tom. Why not?"

"How did he know?" asked Edith in his defense.

"Because they were both in the same ship, the Huron, when Theodore fell or threw himself over," said Osgood drily. "Captain Fowler had to be in Southampton to-day, and called at my office to express his regret at what he called our bereavement."

"Poor Theodore," sighed Edith.

"What did you know of Theodore?" asked her father. "You were a child when he last darkened our doors. I told Fowler that the death of one blackguard more or less could not affect me or my family."

"The silence which death decrees may be on this side of the grave as well as on the other," said Edith, with some little diffidence, for Osgood did not care to have his opinions questioned.

Her cousin looked kindly at her, in response to her pleading for Theodore. Evidently he did not bear such ill-will towards the personage whose character was being discussed as was expressed by his uncle.

"A scamp's death does not atone for his bad life," answered Osgood. "Let us talk of something else."

But the conversation seemed to hang fire, and Edith was glad when the meal was over, that she and Tom might beat a retreat to the garden.

"Why did Theodore drown himself?" asked Edith.

"It was not known that he had drowned himself," answered the other. "He was on deck on the night before we reached Vancouver, and he was missed in the morning, so there was the supposition that he had fallen overbroad, if he had not jumped over."

"Why should he wish to kill himself?" asked Edith.

"Men sometimes get tired of their lives," answered her cousin. "Mind, I don't say Theodore killed himself, indeed, I don't believe he did, but people always think the worst."

The speaker looked away while he spoke, which took from the candor suggested by the tone of his voice.

Against her own inclination, Edith was impressed by the lack of sincerity, the suggestion of deceit which her cousin could not hide.

As the days succeeded each other, she felt a growing doubt about what had happened on board the Huron, and naturally took counsel with Julia, who was, indeed, her sole confidante.

"I don't see why he did not tell father about Theodore's death," said Julia. "Or, at any rate, he might have informed us."

"He does not look at you when he is speaking about Theodore," remarked Edith.

"Do you think he has murdered him?" asked Julia abruptly.

"Julia!" exclaimed her sister, "how can you be so brutal?"

Then Edith burst into tears, as she admitted her own suspicions.

"Tom is an altered man," she said. "Whether he has done something that would bring him to punishment, or resents father's apparent suspicion of him, he seems to me to have changed very much since he left here less than two years ago."

"Edith," said Julia, "why do you marry him?"

"Think how long we have been engaged," answered Edith.

"If I were you I should speak to father about breaking it off with Tom" said Julia. "I wouldn't marry a man who kept a skeleton in his cupboard."

* * * * * * *

October came, and Edith found herself within a week of the day which should see her a bride. Still the suspicion about her cousin remained as strong as ever. She had become nervous, constrained. At last she took her sister's advice, and told her father that her cousin, some way, no longer aroused in her the affection of former days.

But still the preparations for the wedding were advanced. Edith had gone on a visit to an old schoolmate, and it was by Mr. Osgood's eccentric arrangement that she should be fetched home by her lover on the bridal morning, but until that day he had been separated from her for the week.

Julia did not fail to notice the brightened eye and cheerful manner of Edith as she departed on her visit. The change was not accounted for, unless it might arise from the pleasant anticipation of reviving the friendly associations of her girlhood.

Punctually at twelve o'clock the bridegroom arrived at Mr. Osgood's house, where everything betokened preparations for a wedding. The servant who had opened the door showed him into the drawing room, where he was for a few minutes alone.

His impatient reverie was, however, soon interrupted by Mr. Humphrey Osgood, who entered with Edith looking more beautiful than ever in her bridal dress and wreath of orange flowers.

With an exclamation of welcome, her lover advanced to embrace her, but Osgood's hand held him back.

"Stop," said Edith's father. "To-day has been appointed for the marriage of Thomas Danforth to Edith Osgood; but before we proceed further I must have proof that you are the man who was engaged to my daughter two years ago."

"Uncle Humphrey, what do you mean?" asked the bridegroom, looking the other in the face, although his own grew whiter as he did so.

"I mean that Tom Danforth does not stand before me at the present moment," answered Osgood. "I mean that Theodore Danforth took every precaution beforehand to pass himself off as his cousin, even to tatooing himself on the left hand precisely as Tom Danforth had done years ago.

"That he contrived to possess himself of one of his cousin's uniforms, and that the night before the Huron reached Vancouver Island he surprised Tom Danforth alone on the quarter-deck and threw him overboard, and on the following morning he passed himself off as his cousin and pretended that the missing man was named Theodore."

"A peculiar story, indeed," said the expectant bridegroom; "but please to remember, if you charge me with this murder and false assumption, that the law gives me protection."

"I can at least identify you by a scar under your hair, the record of a wound which you received from a fall you had at school," said Osgood.

"Who shall say that Tom Danforth does not bear a similar mark?" asked the accused man.

"Tom Danforth, himself," answered Osgood. "Tom Danforth, who was picked up by a brig in the wake of the Huron, who called at my office three weeks ago, and who has married my daughter Edith this morning."

"What do you mean by this infamous plot?" the imposter asked, livid with rage at having his villainy exposed in a way so humiliating to himself.

"Look here, Theo," said the genuine Tom, as he entered the room, "you had best be silent about infamy. A thief, for you have stolen both clothes and money, an imposter and a would-be murderer had best keep that word infamous for himself. Listen—I give you two minutes to leave the room and two days to leave the country. If you fail to find that time sufficient, I will have you arrested and charge you with your crimes."

Cowed but angry, like a beaten cur which does not forgive the chastisement that it dare not resent, the scoundrel walked from the room, without even looking at Edith or her father. His villainous purpose had failed, but he had been very near getting another man's bride.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

THE wife of an American soldier—when he happens to be married—has a comparatively happy time of it. But it is different abroad and, the condition is at its worst in England.

No one need be told that the scarlet jacket of the British soldier is the greatest incentive to matrimony known to the civilized world of women. Indeed, there is considerable grumbling, not to say indignation, there on this score in some quarters.

It is pretty generally known that the soldier has a susceptible heart beating behind his tunic, but who stops to inquire how the admirable Atkins, with his quarter a day, is enabled to keep a wife and children?

Colonel Gildea, the Chairman of the English Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, in an interview said:—

"You are quite right in saying that English soldiers are a marrying community, but don't ask me how they manage to keep their wives. There are thousands of men and women trying to live on the soldier's allowance of a shilling a day, and I don't suppose I am far wrong in saying that at least a third of them are half starved. The women endeavor to augment the family income by doing a little washing, and that sort of thing; but, at its best; it is only very casual employment.

"Now, the aim of our society is to afford temporary relief to the families of soldiers and sailors, and I can assure you they stand in need of a great deal of relief. Our chief considerations are not to pauperise and not to encourage matrimony. It is madness for a private soldier who has nothing but his pay coming in to marry.

"But first let me explain what marriage in the English army means. Only six per cent of the men in each regiment are permitted to marry, and then only if they possess the requisite qualifications. For example, they must have served for a period of not less than seven years, and they must have at least twenty-five dollars in the savings bank.

"They have, in fact, to be trustworthy men who have earned two good-conduct badges. They have their quarters in the barracks and go abroad and return with their husbands at the government's expense.

"Contrary to an impression that exists outside the service, however, if the remaining ninety-four percent. marry, as many of them do without the consent of the authorities, they commit no military crime.

"They cannot be punished, but no accommodation is provided in barracks for their wives, who enjoy none of the privileges that are allotted to the wives of the others. To speak plainly, they have to struggle on upon the soldier's pittance and whatever else they can make. You can imagine what a sorry plight these women are in when I tell you that it is quite common for a soldier's wife to have from five to eight children.

"But this isn't by any means all with which they have to contend. When a regiment moves, say, from Portsmouth to Edinburg, or to India, every one of these women is left behind, while their more fortunate sisters accompany their husbands.

"They are left with no provision whatever from the Government, and I need not remark that very few of them have the money to follow their husbands. What we do, therefore, in addition to assisting those in sickness and making temporary grants, is to send them after their husbands where we can.

"Does the gallant Tommy, then, desert his spouse?"

"I am afraid that some soldiers when going on foreign service desert their wives until they return. That is to say, they leave them to take their chance. A soldier who is married but not by regimental allowance can, by the army regulation, be subjected to a stoppage of six cents a day—a nice large sum, isn't it?—for the support of his wife and family while he is away, but he can only be put under this stoppage on the application of the wife herself or by voluntarily submitting to it."

"It seems as if Mr. Atkins ought to be better paid. How do you fare in trying to dissuade a soldier whose manly heart is bursting with love from embarking on the treacherous sea of matrimony?"

"We try to dissuade the girl—not the man," Colonel Gildea replied, smiling. "The majority of girls haven't the ghost of an idea what a soldier's life is like. They are fascinated with the red coat and don't give a thought to the future.

"Affairs are very different in the English Navy," the colonel added. "No man is supposed to marry in the Royal Navy. Strangely enough, the authorities don't recognise the wife of a sailor when the sailor is living, but if he dies on duty or is killed she is awarded a pension. Now with respect to a soldier the wife only gets a pension if he succumbs in war. Should he die in barracks through sickness or by accident she is left to shift for herself.

"Sailors' wives are in a much better position when they are separated from their husbands than the wives of soldiers, inasmuch as on a ship being commissioned for foreign service there is an unwritten law among sailors that every man shall make an allotment of something like half his pay in favor of his wife or any relatives dependent upon him; and although the Admiralty don't recognise these people, they undertake to make the stoppage and to hand over the sums to the payees as soon as they become due. A sailor who neglected to conform to this praiseworthy principle would have a bad time of it with his mates."

Bric-a-Brac.

BEES.—Bees are weather-prophets. If we are to have a hard winter they close their hive with wax; if it to be fine, they leave it open. Bees can't stand the cold.

A JAPANESE SALAD.—A Japanese custom, described by a traveller, is for those who are giving a large dinner party to make the salad to order on the spot. The dining room is decorated with chrysanthemums, and the guests are asked if they would like some salad. If so, they may have red, white, blue or yellow, as they prefer. The flowers are plucked according to the taste of the company, dropped into water that is boiling over a portable stove, and the salad is ready in a few minutes, colored as the flowers had been, and tasting all the better for their having been so freshly plucked.

USEFUL TO TRAVELLERS.—The thread-and-needle tree of Mexico is one of the wonders of that country. It is a plant somewhat resembling a giant asparagus. It has large fleshy leaves; along whose edges are set the wonderful needles. To secure one of these ready for use it is only necessary to push the thorn or needle gently backwards into its fleshy sheath, to loosen it from the tough outside covering, and then pull it from the socket. As it is withdrawn, it will be seen to have 100 fine fibres adhering to it. If the needle is twisted in this process, the fibre can be drawn to an almost indefinite length, and the thread that is thus formed will be about three times the strength of common thread, yet no thicker.

HISSING.—Hissing and applause in theatres began sometime during the seventeenth century. "As the mediæval plays in France," declares one writer, "were organized by the church, applause was forbidden, and in 1680, when a play by Fontenelle was produced, hissing was heard for the first time. The claque is said to have come into existence in France as early as the eighteenth century, when the number of comedians increased, and actors felt more and more the need of applause. In order to make it certain, the claque was hired. There was a rebellion against the claque almost as soon as the custom was first introduced, and its condemnation has been constant ever since. But the institution still survives in France."

WESLEY'S SERMON.—Now and again, no doubt, the text is everything, the sermon nothing. There is an anecdote of a London bishop who, having read that story of John Wesley cutting out every word of his discourse that his servant maid did not understand, determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He chose an elementary subject, and took as his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. Beard, and we said how fine it was. But after all, we can't help thinking that there is a God."

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THE BEST OF ALL.

BY M. H. K.

This world may be a garden fair,
If each will add a flower,
Or pluck a weed,
Or plant a seed
That will bear rich fruit for dower.

If each will add a honey drop
Unto some cup of gall,
Then love will grow,
And bud will blow,
And love is the best of all.

Aye! love will warm a strong man's heart,
And give a woman joy,
As they watch and wait
Early and late
For the gold without alloy.

True love will let the sunbeams in,
And every cloud forestall;
Will guide and bless
With tenderness—
So love is the best of all.

TREASURE TROVE.

BY J. L.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

IT was Stella's eighteenth birthday. And a letter which Merion found that morning on his writing-table, among the usual pile of begging letters, circulars, and prospectuses, forcibly recalled the fact to his mind. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. MERION:—I am writing to ask you whether you will trust me with your charming ward for the inside of a week? We are busy planning some 'tableaux,' to be given for the benefit of our sadly-impoverished blanket-fund—you can sympathize, I know—and Miss Airaldi's face and figure, and deliciously sympathetic expression, would be simply invaluable to us, if you and she would consent to aid in so good a work. May I hope that she will come to us next Monday? Please give her my kindest regards, and tell her I will meet her at the station myself; you know that is no small attention on the part of so busy a person as

"Yours very sincerely,
"MARY COLLINGWOOD."

Merion laid the letter down with a little sigh. Stella was indeed growing up. Miss Collingwood was the eldest daughter of his bishop—"Miss Bishop," the irreverent of the diocese not infrequently styled her, for her father, a widower of singularly easy temperament, was growling old even for a bishop, and what may be called the "domestic affairs" of the diocese had a knack of falling into the very capable and energetic hands of his daughter Mary.

"I suppose the child will have to go," said Merion to himself regretfully. "Eighteen to-day! And it seems only yesterday that she was playing about the study with her dolls."

He took up another letter. The large square envelope contained but very few lines, in the Squire's writing.

"MY DEAR MERION—Try to be at home this afternoon between three and four, if the old women will give you an hour's peace for a change. I want to see you on a matter of importance. Yours,

G. W."

Merion made a mental note of the hour as he turned to greet his ward.

"Eighteen to-day, Stella! Many happy returns! And here come the invitations of the rich and great, to mark the auspicious event."

He handed her Miss Collingswood's letter. She flushed rosy red at the compliment implied in the request. But the flush died away as she thought of the ordeal of going among strangers for the first time alone.

"Must I really go, guardie?" she asked anxiously.

"Must you go—when 'Miss Bishop' wills it?" Merion laughed as he spoke. "If you dare to dispute her sovereign behest, you will be a brave woman indeed!"

Stella looked wistfully at him.

"Do you really wish me to go?" There was a little quiver in the soft voice.

"Well—yes, I suppose I must wish it. It is getting time for you to see a little of the world, and Miss Collingwood is as good-hearted as she is despotic. She will take good care of you."

"Yes, go, child. You'll have to get all your flounces and furbelows ironed up as fast as you can. There won't be time for a new frock, but you'll look as well as any of them without that, I know."

Merion smiled with half-paternal, half-brotherly pride, as he looked across the breakfast table at the lovely young face, which assuredly needed no adventitious aid from the modiste's art. Stella shook her head reprovingly.

"The stray gosling was always a swan in your eyes, guardie," she said; and the quick tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of even a week's separation.

No mystery had ever been made as to her claim—or rather, lack of claim—on her guardian's affection.

As soon as she was old enough to understand the story, Merion had told it her, carefully and lovingly softening the details of her father's sufferings, and dwelling chiefly on the unselfish love which had renounced the last joy in life to secure for her the happy home he saw no hope of giving her himself.

The young girl cried softly as Merion recalled to her memory the quiet deathbed by which she had stood with him, and the grave among the Surrey hills.

But there was no bitterness in her grief. Only from that day onward she had clung more fondly than ever to the love which she could better appreciate, now that she knew his history.

* * * * * *

"My dear Merion, I have some very serious news to tell you," began the Squire, as soon as he was seated beside the study fire that same afternoon. The Curate looked up expectantly.

"It's not exactly bad news—don't be alarmed—but it concerns both of us rather closely. Old Mayfold"—thus irreverently was the Squire accustomed to speak of his late father's nominee—"old Mayfold has departed this life at last. Here is a letter I got this morning from an English doctor in Rome announcing his death last week. I wonder much whether the collection of Papal medals was complete after all, and who comes in for them? There'll be a whole lot of business to settle up with the executors, I expect; all the bother possible always seems to fall to my share," grumbled the stout and rosy Squire, talking on with the good-natured idea of letting Merion pull himself together a bit.

The subject of the next presentation had never been discussed between them, excellent friends though they were. Merion waited in silence for the Squire's next words.

"I may as well come straight to the point," went on the latter, after a minute's pause. "I never could go round by the road, if I could anyhow make a straight line across country. I want to offer you the living, Merion."

"Thank, you, Squire." The curate held out his hand, and the two men exchanged a hearty grip.

"Wait a minute, though, before you thank me, I've got something more to say—something which may very possibly make you turn round and tell me to mind my own business, and let yours alone."

The Squire paused and looked embarrassed.

"Say on, Squire. We've known one another a good many years now. Say what you like, whether about my business or your own."

"Well, it's just this. As I say, I want to offer you the living. But then, I also want—and so does my wife—to see a married vicar of Middleton again in this old house. You've got the parish, I know, in as good order as any single man could ever hope to have it. But you know, even better than I do, that there are some things it takes a woman to do properly.

"My wife is getting into years now, as I am myself; she can't get about any longer to see after the people as she used to do. And there is nobody in the parish who could properly take her place, unless you give someone the undisputed right to do so. What say you?"

"I say you have much reason on your side," said the curate, slowly and thoughtfully. "But—what did you think of doing?"

"That's just the rub!" said the Squire ruefully. "I really don't know what to do. Of course I know lots of married men who'd jump at the offer. There's Dick Stanfield, at Brierley—this living is worth two of his, and he's got a wife who could run an archbishopric, they say.

"But then—she's a woman I absolutely detest. I'd run a mile any day to get out of the sound of her voice! She'd reform us all out of existence within the twelve months at the longest. Well, then, there's John Martin, over at Cray. He's got as nice a little wife as ever wore shoes. I don't know a woman my wife and I would sooner have for a neighbor. But, then, Martin himself—he's far and away the biggest bore, and the solemnest prig I ever knew!

"Hang it all, man," burst out the Squire suddenly, "it's you we want here, and nobody else! What should we do with a new man here, at our time of life? Can't you—or won't you—see what I'm driving at?"

"Better speak out plainly," said Merion. "I never was good at taking a hint, you know."

"Well, this is what I want to say. If I give you the living, will you in return give me your word of honor that you'll set to work and do your best to find some nice woman who'll put a bit of life into this old house, and save you from sinking into a crusty old bachelor, like Mayfold—he and his medals!"

"How long do you give me, Squire?" asked the curate, thoughtfully rubbing his chin.

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you. Six months, or even twelve, won't make much difference, after all these years. All I want is to know that you'll think it over seriously—and bear the thing in mind—and—and give the matter your best attention, you know."

The Squire wiped his face and blew his nose as vigorously as after an election speech. There was an interval of silence.

"You see, Squire," said Merion presently, "I have Stella to think of as well as myself."

"Of course you have. And what better could you do for the dear lass than to get a nice good-hearted woman to be a mother to her? Mrs. Lee has been all right so far, and done her best, we know; but she wants a lady now to look after her, and take her about a bit, and so on."

"I suppose you are in the right," said Merion, a little sadly. "I do my best for the child; but I suppose, after all, a woman could do more."

"Of course she could; and for the old folk in the village; and for my old wife and me; and for you, too. Well, have I your word to think it over? You haven't taken up any new-fangled notions about a celibate clergy, and that sort of thing, I hope?" asked the Squire, a little uneasily.

"Certainly not. On the contrary, I quite agree with you that a parish priest is better married than single. Only—you see——Well, the fact is, I haven't thought much about it. I never saw any woman yet whom I could care for more than I could for half-a-dozen others. And I have Mrs. Lee to look after me, and Stella to amuse and interest me, and so——" Merion stopped his stammering apology, then hurriedly concluded, "In short, the matter had altogether escaped my memory."

The Squire laughed. Merion's serious face and simple prosaic utterances combined, overturned his gravity too completely for any further serious discussion.

"Well, now that the little matter has been recalled to your mind, what do you say about it?"

"I'll think it over awhile, Squire; and, after a bit, we can talk it over again. You know I don't want to be disobliging, I'm sure?"

"Well, don't make a martyr of yourself to oblige me, mind! Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot to say that if you should be in any difficulty as to a choice, my old lady has a list of eligibles all ready to your hand."

"My best respects to Mrs. Westwood," laughed the curate, "and I know no one whose advice I would rather ask in such a matter. To take advice in it is more than can be expected."

It was evening—a chill October evening. The work of the day was done, and the vicar-designate sat alone by his study fire, deep sunk in thought. A fortnight had gone by since the day the Squire had flung the matrimonial pebble into the quiet waters of his tranquil existence, and the eddying circles of thought were still far from having reached their furthest limit.

It had been a long fortnight to him, and to all in the vicarage, for Stella's visit to the Bishop's palace had greatly exceeded the limit originally proposed, and she had only that day returned home.

The short dinner was just over, and now the traveler had gone to Mrs. Lee's room, to delight the housekeeper's heart with a full account of the fortnight's doings.

It had indeed been an eventful fortnight, both to guardian and ward. With his usual prompt attention to the call of duty, Mr. Merion had given himself diligently to the study of the problem set for his consideration by the ruthless Squire.

The result of his deliberations he was now ready to impart to his ward. He wished with all his heart that the business was over. He was strangely reluctant to begin his task. He positively shivered as the sound of her light footsteps crossing the hall drew nearer and nearer to the study door.

She came in very quietly, and in silence knelt down to warm her hands at the cheerful blaze. The soft clinging folds of a pale blue dress fell round her like the drapery of a Fra Angelico Madonna, and the red-gold of her hair caught the gleam of the firelight with almost dazzling effect.

For some minutes Francis Merion sat looking at her face, his face shielded by his hand, his elbow resting on the broad arm of the old leather-covered armchair. Surely, he thought, the girl had altered and developed wondrously in one brief fortnight.

She had left him scarcely more than a child; she had come back to him a woman. The change, so sudden and complete, forced sharply upon his mind the remembrance, almost obliterated by time and use, of her foreign race. English by upbringing, Stella was still a true daughter of the South and the sun, blossoming early with the full flower of her womanly beauty.

Her guardian sighed as he gazed at the perfect profile, outlined by the firelight against the shadows of the big room. How happy they had been together, he and the ewe-lamb so strangely entrusted to his keeping.

Instinctively his eyes sought the shabby old-fashioned couch, and as a vision, he saw her again nestling among the cushions, a lovely sleeping two-year-old baby. All the promise given by her childish beauty was more than fulfilled by the graceful figure before him, yet Francis Merion sighed.

Perhaps he was thinking, too, of the hospital bed beside which he had held her in his arms, and of the exile whose eyes would have tested so proudly on her to-day.

Then for a minute, a wild, foolish longing took possession of his soul—a longing to undo the work of the years, to recover the playmate and darling of the bygone days.

It seemed to him that he would give years of life only once more to feel the soft childish arms around his neck, to see again the lovely eyes grow bright and sad by turns, as he spun for the child on his knee some wondrous tale of fairyland.

He woke from his dream with a start. The child of his love had gone for ever. Soon—too soon—some younger man would come to take her from him altogether.

Even before that time, was not he himself about to bring a stranger to invade the quiet peace of their old happy life? But here Merion pulled himself up, and that sharply.

Not for one moment could he be disloyal even in thought to the wife that was to be, should his suit prosper as he had every reason to believe it would do. He hastened to take the plunge.

"Stella"—a subtle change in his voice made the girl look quickly round at him,—"Stella, I have something to tell you."

A nameless terror gripped the girl's heart as with an icy hand. She seized a pretext for a moment's respite.

"Just one moment first, please guardie. I must run and get you the letter which Miss Collingwood gave me for you, or I shall forget it. I ought to have given it you before; she said it was important."

Like a frightened hare, Stella sped upstairs and through the long corridors of the old Georgian house to the little white tower which she had so long called her own.

But once there, she seemed to forget her haste. The letter lay full in view on a table, yet it was ten minutes before she re-entered the study with it in her hand.

Her guardian took the letter absently, and laid it aside without even a glance. He longed to have the dreaded plunge over.

"Thank you. I'll read it presently. Stella, this is what I want to tell you—I am thinking of getting married."

The girl's face paled to the lips, and her eyes grew almost painfully large. She tried hard to speak, but no words came.

"I see you are startled, my child—it seems to me only yesterday you were indeed a child." Merion forced a smile. "You are thinking, I know, that I am too old for such things."

"Too old!" repeated Stella mechanically. She looked with dry steady eyes at the stalwart figure before her; she noted the crisp brown hair, untouched with grey, the sunburnt manly face, the vigorous hands.

It was true that only a fortnight before she had thought him old. How could

she have been so foolish? Why, half the men she had been meeting at the palace must be older than he—yet how offended would they have been had anyone called them old.

She had been standing before the fire. Now she turned away to draw forward a deep-seated old chair, and took her place on the opposite side of the fireplace—still silent.

"Yes, Stella, it is true that I am old for such a change. But I am not thinking of marrying for my own sake or pleasure—that is," added Merion hastily, "not entirely so. They all tell me the parish sadly needs a lady at its head—and I think they are right."

The vicar-designate smothered a sigh, and went on.

"Then they tell me, too, Stella, that you need some better care and companionship now than our good old Mrs. Lee can give you."

"Who says so?" asked the girl passionately.

"I don't exactly know; perhaps it was Mrs. Westwood," said Merion helplessly, for he was startled by her sudden vehemence. Stella's lips curled proudly, but she controlled herself with a visible effort.

"And who is the lady, if I may ask?" she said coldly.

Mr. Merion blushed like a girl, and hesitated.

"Well, Stella, I'm really scarcely justified in naming anyone just at this stage perhaps, because, you see, I haven't been able to—to do anything definite about it. I wanted to talk things over with you first, and find out just how you felt about it.

"But I suppose you have some idea in your own mind, guardie?" Stella was far too much agitated for laughter.

"Well, yes; if she would have me, I don't think anyone could be more suitable than Miss Janet Latham; do you? She is very popular in the parish, and you have always got on with her particularly well. Do you think—of course always provided that she would have me—do you think she would make you happy, Stella?"

The vicar-designate looked anxiously and wistfully into the pale face of his darling. She did not answer his last question.

"Oh, as to that!—as I said, I am not marrying for my own pleasure or convenience. I only want to do what is best for the parish and best for you. I like Miss Latham very much; I know no lady I like better—in fact, I have the highest possible esteem for her. She has never bored me; and that is more than I could say of any woman in the parish, except Mrs. Westwood and you. Mrs. Westwood is already appropriated; and——"

"And one can't marry little girls, you know!" Those were the words which should have finished the sentence, but they refused to frame themselves on his lips.

Could a man indeed not love and marry such a maiden? How womanly she looked as she sat there opposite him, leaning forward in the deep old armchair, one hand unconsciously pressed to still her throbbing heart, the firelight playing on the broad white brow, and lighting up the depth of feeling in her dark eyes.

"A little girl!" Ah no! the words would have been a mockery.

Embarrassed, confused, agitated, Merion involuntarily sought a momentary diversion by stretching out his hand for Miss Collingwood's neglected letter. He read it through mechanically, slowly—then, more confused than ever, turned back again to the opening lines.

"MY DEAR MR. MERION,—It is my pleasant duty to convey to you what I hope you will agree with me in considering most gratifying tidings. In this brief fortnight our dear Stella has contrived to secure the heart of one of the most upright, honorable, and in every way desirable young men in our wide circle of friends.

"Mr. Alan Carmichael is a man of good property and of birth, as well as of unblemished reputation. I will take the responsibility of saying you could not possibly bestow her hand on any man more likely to make her happy.

"Mr. Carmichael has behaved as a man of honor in making no open advances to your ward while she was under my care, but I fancy even Stella's modesty cannot have blinded her to the meaning of his attentions.

"Indeed, she showed so much quiet pleasure in his society that I confidently hoped he would easily succeed in awakening a warmer feeling, were he once assured of your consent and approval.

"Mr. Carmichael is still staying with us, and only awaits your permission to call on you at the earliest date you can name. Pray take pity on his impatience, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
MARY COLLINGWOOD."

The letter fell from the reader's grasp. "Could a man indeed not love and marry such a one?"

The question had been speedily answered. His hand trembled as he picked up the fallen sheet of notepaper—paused a moment to study with sudden, trivial interest the large, heavily-gilded monogram—then rose, and handed the letter in silence to his companion.

In silence she read it through, only the quick-changing color on her cheek giving any clue to her feelings.

"Well, my child, and what am I to say to Mr. Alan Carmichael?" Stella's white lips moved, but there was no sound.

"Tell me honestly, Stella, tell me all the truth! Do you care at all for this man? Do you think you could grow to love him?"

His breath came fast as he waited the reply. Another effort, and the girl answered, calmly enough—yes, almost too calmly.

"I liked him very much. I esteemed him very highly. He never bored me, as the others often did. In fact, I liked him better than any of the other young men staying there. I think, guardie, you had, perhaps, better let him come and see you."

Francis Merion rose and paced up and down the room with long and angry strides, a fury of jealousy at his heart. Suddenly he paused in front of Stella's chair.

"But there must be more than that, Stella—much more than that! You like him; you esteem him! Why, you like and esteem a score of others. Marriage, Stella, must be all or nothing. A man must be the one man in the world to you, if the friction of daily life is not to make the bond a chain—ay, a chain too galling for flesh and blood to bear. Ask your own heart, Stella, and be honest with me; is this young man—this stranger—this acquaintance of a fortnight's standing—is he more than all the world beside to you?"

The girl shivered and dropped her head on the arm of her chair. Merion stood beside her, looking down on the golden coils. His own heart was beating almost suffocation; but he spoke again, more calmly.

"Tell me, my child—but remember that a man or woman must feel life without the other to be all but impossible before they bind themselves with the chain of a life-long union. What am I to say to Mr. Carmichael?"

The bent head suddenly lifted, and the young eyes looked proudly into his own. "And do you feel that life is 'all but impossible' without Miss Latham?"

The vicar-designate started as if a lash had struck him in the face. He had forgotten Miss Latham's existence. Was it possible that only one short half-hour before he had stood on the verge of such a precipice? Could he ever seriously have dreamt of such sacrilege? Now he knew at last what love meant. Ah, was it too late?

"Stella!"—he stretched out his hands with almost a cry—"Stella, there is only one woman in the world without whom I cannot live—only one woman in the world for me! Can you forgive my folly—my blind, stupid folly? It was for your sake, dear; it was to make your life happier! Stella, am I too old to be loved? No younger man could love you as I do!"

"And no younger man could ever be to me what you are," whispered Stella, as she placed both hands in his.

"But think, think again, my darling; I am old enough to be your father. Is it possible that you can love me?"

"I could never love anyone else. A thousand Mr. Carmichaels shall never tear me from you, if you will only let me stay." The light of love shone clearly in the brave young eyes.

And then once more the golden head rested on the broad shoulder, on which, in bygone days, it had so often been pillowed.

* * * * *

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Squire next day, as he finished reading aloud the brief note in which the vicar-designate informed him that the condition attached to the presentation was already fulfilled. "Who would ever have dreamt of such a thing?"

But Mrs. Westwood, from her invalid couch, smiled a contented and happy smile.

"I set my heart upon it years ago," she remarked placidly. "It is the best possible thing for both of them, and gets rid of every difficulty."

A Little While.

BY A. G. S.

WHEN I first saw her she was standing in her cottage doorway, with both hands on her stick. The sunset was on her face, glorifying the cottage windows and the little garden, and there was a noise of singing-birds about her.

Her eyes were turned westward. She was a little old woman with grey hair and a small, determined face. Her lips were thin, and her eyes bright and deep-set, with penthouse brows.

I lingered, wondering a little. From inside the cottage there came the continual cheep-cheep and twitter of birds. There were cages hung up outside near the door, and one even on the doorstep. The old woman looked straight across the flat fields to the sunset. She had a colorless wrap about her head, and she wore a colorless dress and blue apron. The sunset glorified them all.

I thought she did not see me; but as I went by she called to me, and I turned back. She came down to the little gate and said: "Monsieur is a stranger?"

"Yes, madame,"

"And he has traveled, perhaps?"

"In many lands,"

"Has he ever met a tall lad—a soldier, very fair and handsome, with blue eyes?"

"I have met many soldiers, madame."

"But this one! Think, monsieur," she urged. "You could never have forgotten him. His hair was like the sky yonder." She pointed to the ruined gold of the sunset. "His eyes danced; danced always. He was always merry."

"I am very sorry, madame, that I do not remember him."

She seemed a little saddened and was turning away, when I said:

"You keep singing-birds, madame?"

"They call me Mother Susanne," she said. "Come in, monsieur, if you will, and see them."

The cottage was two-roomed. One room where she lived and slept; I learned afterwards that the other was a shrine—where she went to pray, when her heart and hope were numb.

The little kitchen was filled with birds in cages. She had to put one on the floor to offer me a seat. As for herself, she sat down on a stool in the midst of them.

Then she took up the cage from the floor on to her knee, and putting in her hand, captured the songster. It was a chaffinch. She stroked its wings and laid it against her face. It did not try to escape, but nestled contentedly against the wrinkled face.

"It knows you," I said.

She gave a contented little laugh. "They all do. But I won't need them when he comes home."

"Who is he?"

"He, my boy that I told you of. Some of them used to say he would never come back, when they thought I didn't hear them. But I know."

The twilight was closing in. A gradual hush had crept over linnets and finches, the canaries and the rest. She put the bird back into its cage and rose—I, too. She did not ask me to go again. I went out into the little garden and the twilight and continued my walk. But returning home the same way, I heard a strange sound through the spring darkness. It was Mother Susanne crouched up by the garden paling, crying to herself.

A few days later I came across her in the fields. She was plucking dandelion and herbs for salad, and groundsel for birds. She told me that she went about selling them to those of the neighbors who had no time to come and look for their own.

The new green was springing up all around us; the sky was blue. A spring wind wandered about and blew apart the old woman's hair on her forehead as she worked.

"You leave your birds alone all day?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, "but I hear them singing all the same."

"How then, since your cottage is not near here?"

"How do I know?" she said, straightening herself. "It gets plainer and plainer as I go home in the evenings, and when I get in at the gate they all begin together." She stooped down again, smiling. "It's almost like having a child waiting for one," she said—but not to me.

I thought of her that evening when, looking out of my window, I saw that sky in the west had turned primrose. I saw her trudging home with the light on her face, and the singing of the birds in her ears growing nearer and nearer, till at last she turned in at the little gate.

Often after that, I met her in the fields or going her rounds in the village. Sometimes when I saw her talking with the neighbors, I fancied that the glamor of a spring evening had worked a spell, and that after all, there was nothing uncommon or evil about her. And then I remembered the eyes that had watched the sunset, and the strange sound heard through the spring darkness.

It in the daytime I chanced to pass her cottage, which stood alone among the sad, cultivated fields, I heard her birds chirping ceaselessly. "Monsieur," she said to me once, "when I am dead they will stop singing."

She went early to work in the mornings, giving them fresh food and water before starting. Often she went far afield for herbs. Once I met her coming home slowly and heavily, leaning on her stick. Dusk had fallen and the east was growing tender for the moon-rise.

She asked me in that evening. I noticed that she moved about feebly, as though she were tired out; and at last she sat down and was silent.

"Mother Susanne," I said suddenly, "when is your boy coming back? How long has he been away?"

By the movement she made I knew that she raised her head; for we were in darkness.

"Monsieur," she said, "he may come any day. Every night I say to myself: 'Perhaps he may come to-morrow, maybe before I am up; or he will meet me coming home in the evening.'"

"Why does he delay?"

Her fingers grew restless and plucked at her apron.

"I cannot tell, monsieur. But it is not long since he went—only a little while ago."

"When did he go, and why? You have never told me. When was it?"

"It was during the war, monsieur. I do not know how long ago; I have no memory; but only a little while since, Monsieur will know. He went to fight."

Then at last I began to understand. It was twenty years since her boy had gone; she would not have known him now. He was a tall lad, fair and handsome, and blue-eyed to her still, and she was waiting for him to come back from the battlefield which the plough had turned up a score of times since that last battle had been fought.

The little room and the darkness seemed to me to grow very sad. At times came a twitter from a sleepless bird; and then the moonlight stole in and found us. Mother Susanne rose up. "See, monsieur," she said, "I will show you his room;" and she took me into the other chamber.

It was very bare and spotless, and the white moonlight was glorifying it—nay, was hallowing it; for it was a shrine. There was nothing in it except a chair and a chest of drawers, and the bed against the wall. The moonlight was streaming on to the pillow where should have been lying the head that had slept since on another Bed of Honor.

Mother Susanne stole up and kissed it, and then kneeling, laid her own head there. And I stumbled out into the little garden and the soft moonshine and shadow, not seeing where I went.

Sometimes I fancy that her boy came home; that some early summer twilight he met her returning from the fields and came back with her through the little gate and into the cottage, his arm about her shoulders, and she looking up at his face with pride and peace in hers.

Was it so, I wonder? I tried to think that it was. For one morning, when I passed by, the little cottage stood with open door in the early sunlight. And the birds had stopped singing.

BUCKLING-TO.—There is no circumstance in life, and no condition, where buckling-to is not the wisest thing. Take it how we will, either to combat or bear, energetic acceptance does more for us than fretful resistance, and a powerful hand-to-hand fight with adversity—buckling-to for the battle—is a finer thing than supine and melancholy yielding.

To do with all our might both the task of to-day and the preparations for the pleasure of to-morrow is a more manly kind of thing than to shirk half the difficulties of the one, and consequently let slip the richness of the other.

Had we buckled-to in real earnest, we should have overcome the one, and been rewarded by the other sooner and more bounteously. But we slipped and slid, and wore our harness loose; and we came in consequence to a fall on the side of the hill.

TO REST.

BY M. E. M.

Love came to me through the gloaming;
The dew on his wings lay wet,
And the voice of his wistful greeting
Was weary with old regret.
"O heart," he sighed at my casement,
"Must I wait for a welcome yet?"

He had come with the early roses,
In the golden shining of morn;
But I asked a gift he bestowed not—
A flower that bears no thorn.
So, through the glare of the noontide,
He left me, to toil forlorn.

And now—in life's quiet evening,
When long are the shadows cast—
He comes with the few pale blossoms
He has saved from a hungry past;
And into my heart unquestioned
I take him to rest at last.

A Sin Atoned.

BY E. H.

THE proud Tecumseh had called his red brothers to arms. The voices of the prophet, the voice of Elskwatawa—the fire that rushes through the land—had shrieked denunciations, and foretold the doom of the invader of the red man's territory, the exterminator of the red man's race.

Everywhere throughout the Gulf region the dogs of war were loose, and two races flew savagely at one another's throats. Hamlets burned; villages, abandoned, fell in ruins; white men, horridly tortured, suffered at the stake; red men fell in their thousands, shot, bayoneted, bludgeoned, until at last the fury of the unequal contest slackened, and the Indians, broken and despairing, their trusted leaders slain or captive, laid down their arms and swung sullenly from the land of their fathers.

It was early in 1812 that General Floyd, with his little army of Georgian volunteers and four hundred friendly Indians, took up his position on the heights above the swamps of the Chilillikee in Alabama.

It was supposed that a large force of Creeks were lurking in the vicinity, though the keenest eyes among the scouts had hitherto failed to discover the exact whereabouts of the cunning foe. But Floyd was too good a soldier and too experienced in Indian warfare to be deceived by appearances, and notwithstanding the outward calm, made most careful preparations against surprise.

Pickets were doubled, patrols moved incessantly to and fro; and, though wearied by his long march, a brief hour of sleep was all the watchful commander allowed himself to snatch.

Far away on the outermost line of sentries Amos Duerden stood on guard. Still as a statue, he leaned against the trunk of a tree and peered into the thick darkness that surrounded him, or strained his ears to catch the faintest sound that might break the oppressive stillness. Bravest where all were brave, strong of muscle and stout of heart, there was no one in his army in whom Floyd placed more confidence than in Amos Duerden; none who might be trusted so well to stand firm and do his duty, though death came to him in the doing.

Therefore it was that he had been selected for this lonely outpost, the most dangerous of all, where his firmness and knowledge of the country would stand the white men in good stead against the craft of their dusky foes.

Yet were the thoughts of Amos not altogether with the army. Twenty miles away to the northwest lay a little village, never destined to attain the dignity of a town, which bore the picturesque Indian name Whispering Pines.

Towards this Duerden's heart turned as he kept his watch; for there, waiting until the war should be over, waiting in fear and trembling for her lover's safety, lived Agnes Brotherton, his wife that was to be.

No wonder Amos was anxious, for rumor had it that Whispering Pines was in the track of the Creek advance, and if that were so—— He put the thought from him as one too horrid to be entertained.

Away to his right a brook, murmuring mysteriously, rolled through the blackness; but, save for that slumberous sound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark boughs of the pines, the stars looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anon one fell, streaming like a signal-rocket athwart the sky.

"'Tis monstrous dark here," thought Amos, straightening his tall form, and grasping his musket firmly at the sound of a twig snapping somewhere away to the left.

"A man might be slain here ere he knew he was attacked." Then, as silence reigned once more, "I trust all is well with them at Whispering Pines. If Agnes and her mother had but followed my advice and moved north out of this accursed country I should have no fear. As it is——"

Again a twig snapped suddenly—this time at his very feet; and, almost before he could recall his straggling thoughts, a dark form rose swiftly from the ground and a hand was laid lightly upon his lips.

"Steady," breathed a voice in his ear, so low that he could scarcely catch the articulate words. "Steady." All's well. I'm Rivington. Who are you?" Before Amos could reply, the man went on: "The Redskins are coming on in force. They are not much more than five miles away.

"They have swept through Whispering Pines and cleaned out the village. Not a soul left, I'm told. But they brought away some women prisoners. Agnes Brotherton is one of them. If you see Duerden, tell him. I'm off to let the General know. I think they'll attack about daybreak."

He dropped to the ground and glided away, while for an instant Amos drew himself up against the tree, stiff with horror. There could be no mistake; Mark Rivington was too careful a scout for that, and he was an old friend of Duerden's, too.

Hence his anxiety to impart his fateful news to the first man he met. And the enemy were but five miles away, and coming on in force.

The camp would be attacked. What of that? What was that to him? Agnes! Agnes was in the hands of the brutal redskins. Rivington had heard that. Rivington had heard that, and yet had done nothing to save her. In the bitterness of his grief and dismay Amos cursed his friend, who, not recognising him in the dark, had imparted this gruesome news.

All those wild thoughts coursed through his brain, yet another sound, close to him, startled him. No rustling branch nor snapping twig this time, but a dull, smashing sound, a low moan, and silence. Then a sudden rush, a swish, a sharp thud as the keen blade of a tomahawk was buried in the trunk of the tree an inch from his face, and he found himself hugged against the brawny chest of a greasy savage, whose hot breath panted against his cheek, and who strove mightily to bring him to the ground.

His musket dropped to the ground at the shock; but with a twist Amos freed his left arm and drove his knife deep into the throat of his assailant, who sank with a gurgling sob to the ground.

"One!" muttered Amos grimly, and waited for the next. But none came, and presently he became aware that, whatever his purpose, the Indian had been alone. Then it flashed upon him—"Rivington! The Redskin was after him. The spy had been spied upon. Mark, where is he?"

Cautiously he moved in the direction of that first ominous sound. Not far, ere he had gone a dozen paces his foot struck something soft and yielding. He stooped down, groping, and his hand touched the body of a man.

He felt for the face, and drew back his hand wet with something warm. And then he knew. His friend, Mark Rivington, bold and trusty scout, lay dead beside him, slain by one more crafty than himself.

One moment Amos spared to lament his lost comrade, and then he sprang to his feet, remembering the dead man's last message. Women prisoners had been carried off. Agnes was in the Creek camp. Even now she might be—— He thrust the thought from him and sped with swift, silent steps in the direction indicated by poor Rivington as the position of the foe.

Suddenly he stopped. What was this he was about to do? He was a soldier and behind him lay his post; the one spot of all others which the Creeks would choose for their attack, should they make it at dawn.

That the attack was contemplated he knew. He alone of all men, now that Rivington was gone, possessed the fateful knowledge. Floyd, though he had not neglected precautions, was secure in the belief that the Indians were far away. Only through Rivington could the mistake have been corrected, and now Rivington was dead, the secret was in the possession of Amos and none other. The lives of some two thousand men were in his keeping.

Floyd trusted him; his comrades slept at ease, relying upon his skill and caution; and now he was about to betray his trust, to sacrifice them for an end of his own.

Behind him lay his duty—his duty, wherein till now he had never failed. Before him lay his hopes, shadowy, undefined, forlorn; for that he could reach the Creek camp ere death, or worse, had overtaken his Agnes was almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

But, slightly probable though it was, there was yet the bare possibility; and, oh Heaven! to picture her there alone, weeping, despairing, praying, waiting for the help that he alone could bring; for he alone knew of her desperate position.

He thanked God that she knew not that he knew. He cursed himself that he should hesitate for one moment between his duty and his love. He execrated the General who held him bound to his post by every tie of honor.

He questioned of himself with bitter emphasis what concern of his were the lives of two thousand men behind him, when the one life, dearer to him than those of thousands or millions of others, dearer to him than all the world, was at stake.

Why should he hesitate? He was bound by no stringent military rule. He was but a volunteer, who had joined more for the sport of the thing than for aught else. He, at least, had no personal wrongs to avenge. He had no quarrel, save that of race, with the persecuted Indians.

Not until now. And now Nemesis, following with swift foot, had overtaken him, and nature was to avenge her slaughtered children. Why should he stay? Were there not other points at which the Creeks might make their attack?

Were there no other scouts beside poor Rivington who might have borne the news to Floyd, who might even now be on the alert and preparing? Were there not other sentries who could and would give the alarm as well as he? Might not, after all, Rivington have been mistaken as to the threatened advance? It was natural that on seeing the Creeks in force he should suppose them about to move to battle?

But what less likely? Their successes had not been so conspicuous as to hold out much inducement to them to attack a strong position. Most likely they were but a marauding party moving on. Moving on! Moving away! And bearing Agnes with them! The thought unmanned him, and he sank to the ground, covering his face with his hands.

The brook babbled on to join some mighty river, the breeze that followed the advent of midnight began to stir among the trees; here and there the notes of a night-bird broke the stillness sharply; the stars looked down upon him in their calm, and pitiless fashion, and still Amos sat there, neither returning to his post nor moving forward to the succor of his love—sat there, inert, helpless, unnerved, struggling weakly between the calling voices of love and duty.

But the balance was all on the side of love; and, at last, as out of the darkness, came a suggestion. He sprang to his feet once more, tightened the belt of his tunic, and, casting his duty to the winds, hastened with swift though stealthy feet in the direction of the Creek encampment.

For a beam of light had illumined the darkness of desolation that sat upon his soul, and in spirit he asked himself, "Why not do both? The Indians will not attack before dawn in any case, for the difficulties in their way are too great. Long ere that I can reach their camp, perhaps save Agnes, and be back again in ample time to give the alarm. I can say that I found cause to advance, and the news I bring will be my excuse for leaving my post. After all, I am not leaving it; I am but extending it. It is better for every one that I should go forward."

He clutched at the thought with the desperation of a man drowning in a sea of indecision; and, stopping no more to argue with himself, went on as rapidly as the darkness would allow.

Well for him that he knew the country. There were landmarks visible to him, deep night though it was, that few white men beside himself could have recognised. There was the brook upon the right; the great bald mountain, amidst whose crags he had so often hunted, upon his left; the very stars, of whose names he was ignorant, were as signal-lamps to guide him on his way.

And so he pushed on and on, through the miry swamp, in and out of the deep pine-woods, over the brook, across the sinuous river by fords known to few, until he came to the edge of a fringe of forest, beyond which he could see a multitude of twinkling lights. And by these he knew that his enemies and he should soon be face to face.

He had judged aright, it seemed. No movement was visible in the hostile camp, and it was evident to him that, if an attack were contemplated, some hours must elapse ere it could be made. But, so far, all was quiet; and slowly, cautiously, as one who takes his life in his hands, he crawled on keeping a wary eye for sentinel or picket as he went.

But he saw no one, heard nothing, and as he moved along a great wonder filled him. For the fires were burning low, and none came to tend them. What was the meaning of this utter silence, this lack of life? The Indians were not used to be so careless as to sleep unguarded. It was not their wont to court surprise.

And then he knew—remembered certain, strange, weird sounds in the forest, to which in his frenzied excitement he had paid no heed; remembered, and in that bitter moment, recognised, their meaning.

While he was absorbed in his own sad thoughts the Creeks had broken camp, and even now had taken up their position in front of Floyd.

His face sank between his hands as he crouched there, and a wave of great shame overwhelmed him. So it was for this result he had turned his back upon his post; it was for this that he had persistently refused to hear the clear-voiced call of duty; it was for this that he had sacrificed his honor, lost his right for all time to hold up his head in the sight of brave and honest men. He had betrayed his trust but to find his journey idle after all.

He lashed himself with bitter upbraidings. For him to be so taken in! Was it likely that a war party, intent upon battle, would burden themselves with prisoners? He ought to have known better.

Whispering Pines was, no doubt, in ashes; Agnes, too, surely dead. And he, by this vain pursuit, had lost not only her—that was already accomplished—but all that hereafter might make life sweet as well.

He flung himself face downwards upon the damp ground, not striving to stay the harsh, dry sobs that shook his body. He was a strong man in despair, and so, weaker than the weakest woman. He could not get back, he knew, though it might be the Indians would not attack before dawn, and dawn was yet far distant. But even so, how could he break through the cordon of red men, even now surrounding the devoted Floyd? That was impossible. To make a long circuit was equally impossible in point of time.

No; all was lost—Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his General. He alone would remain to tell the story of that shameful night. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he had brought to their death. The thought comforted him somewhat, and he rose to his feet.

His decision was instant, his action prompt. With a rapid movement, he drew from his pocket a piece of cord, tied one end round his foot, and attached the other to the trigger of his musket. Then he put the muzzle in his mouth.

For an instant he stood, eyes closed, breath coming and going rapidly, for even to a brave man death comes not wholly without terror. "Agnes," he sighed. A strong shudder shook him, and he dashed the muzzle from his face, and flung the musket to the ground.

"No!" he exclaimed, half-wrathfully, half-fearfully, "what was I about to do? If I must die, let me meet death as a man, not as a coward. It is not yet too late. It cannot be. It shall not be. I will go back. I will break through the Creek lines somehow. I may redeem my honor in part; if not, then let death come how he will, but not by my own hand."

* * * * * * *

The darkness of the night had deepened, though it wanted but an hour to dawn, and the Creek forces, crouching in the dense pine woods before Floyd's po-

sition, waited but the first lifting shadows to hurl themselves upon their unsuspecting foe.

Above, Floyd's men, tired after their long march, slept soundly, ignorant of the proximity of their bloodthirsty enemies, unconscious that the sentries along the outer line had all been slain—all save one, and that one a deserter from his post, a traitor to his trust.

In grim silence and sanguine of success, the fierce Creeks, their faces painted hideously for war, awaited their opportunity. A faint breeze, herald of the morn, had arisen, rustling gently among the pine-needles. Save for this and the occasional grunt of a hog, rooting here and there among the mast, only the low, half-held breathing of the redmen broke the stillness.

The first faint, trembling streaks of pink wavered up into the sky, the white mists curled upward from river and swamp, just perceptible in the gloom, and the hog wandered on, grunting and rooting, too careless or too stupid to avoid the redmen all around it.

More than once it collided in the darkness with the legs of some watchful warrior, to dart away with a squeal, followed by the curses of the brave, who dared not move for fear of exposing his position.

And so, turning hither and thither in its search for food, the beast blundered on to where Bald Eagle and his fellow chief, Whistling Hawk, stood beside a tree discussing their plans for the coming attack.

Terrified, apparently, the hog stood still for a moment, and then, with a snort of disgust, swung round and waddled off in its ungainly fashion. Its back turned, however, its terror seemed to be overcome, and once again it halted, and began to grub for roots, roving leisurely from one tree to another.

The two chiefs gazed idly at the animal for a moment, and then Whistling Hawk drew an arrow from his quiver and fitted it to his bowstring.

"Not so, my brother," interposed Bald Eagle, laying a detaining hand upon the other's wrist. "Shoot not, lest if you only wound the brute, it run off towards the camp of the palefaces, and betray us by your arrow. Go and warn our young men upon the left that the time is at hand. I will tell those on the right."

"Waugh!" was all the reply Whistling Hawk vouchsafed, and the red chiefs moved away.

But as they disappeared, the hog sat up on its haunches, the forepaws dangling odly, while from underneath the coarse hide a hand stole out. Then the mask was cautiously raised, flung back from the face it concealed, and out from the greasy skin crawled a man, who cast himself flat on his face, and lay still.

But the Indians were behind him now and his friends in front, and though he moved slowly, yet in a short time he reached a sentry, whom he passed with a whispered word, and hurried to the General's tent.

"Duerden!" cried Floyd, springing to his feet, as the young man burst in upon him with little ceremony. "What has brought you here? Why have you left your post?"

"Why have you left your post?" The sharp and sudden question recalled a hideous memory to Duerden's mind, and for an instant he struggled vainly to speak. Recovering himself, he briefly detailed to the General the presence of the foe in large numbers, and how he had contrived to pass through their lines.

Floyd wasted no further time in questions after this, but dashed from his tent, order after order issuing from his lips. His dispositions made, he returned once more to Amos. "I have news for you Duerden," he said, "good news too. It seems that the Creeks made a descent upon Whispering Pines and burned it; but the settlers had got word of their approach in some way, and deserted the place. A party of them arrived about an hour ago with women and children. I have sent the latter, along with the old men, to one of our communicating posts in the rear. All who could fight I have detained here," he finished grimly.

Amos caught back his breath sharply. Truly his punishment was beginning. "Agnes?" he muttered.

"Well and safe." answered Floyd cheerily. "You can join her, or she you, after this little affair is over, for we shall win, of course. It is a——"

A shot! Another and another. Then a spattering volley and the wild, terrific Indian war-whoop as the Creeks sprang from their cover, shot down the remaining sentries, and charged up to within a few paces of the artillery of Thomas, posted to receive them.

"There they are," said Floyd coolly. "Amos, come with me."

In the heat of the combat Amos saw his General borne to the ground by a stalwart savage. The Redskin had lost his musket in the fray; and, as he knelt with all his weight upon Floyd's chest, strove mightily to reach his scalping knife with one hand, while with the other he strangled his fallen adversary. With a bound Amos was upon the savage, tore him from his hold, and buried his bayonet in the broad red chest. Then he turned to assist the General to rise.

"Thank you, Amos," said Floyd, gasping for breath. "If you had not come just when you did, you would have been left without a leader. I am your debtor for this."

An hour later the battle was won; while the hungry soldiers were breaking their fast, Amos Duerden stalked gloomily into his commander's tent. "I have come to make a confession, General," he began without preface. "I have come to ask that I may be placed under arrest.

"There is not a man of ours lying dead there in the pine woods and swamps who does not owe his death to me." In a few simple words he told the General the story of his temptation and his fall. "Had I not left my post," he continued, "the warning would have reached you in time, your dispositions would have been made, and the enemy beaten back without the loss of a man. I am a deserter, General, and I deserve a deserter's fate."

Floyd sprang to his feet. "What!" he cried. "You demand a court martial? You ask that I, your General, whose life you have saved, should send you to a shameful death, which you by no means deserve. I will not do it. Go away and sleep, my poor fellow. When you are rested and refreshed you will see things in a different light."

But Amos stood his ground firmly and shook his head with a melancholy smile.

"I see how it is: you leave me no recourse." He bowed and turned to leave the tent.

"Stop!" roared Floyd, stepping in front of him and thrusting him back. "Orderly!"

The orderly entered the tent. "General?"

"Send me a corporal and a file of men."

Presently they appeared. "Here," said Floyd roughly, "arrest this man and keep him under close guard until I send for him. See to it that he does not escape."

An hour later he was back again, with a soldier on either side of him, while in front sat Floyd and his senior officers to try the case.

"Gentlemen," began the General, "this business need not detain us long. The prisoner, Amos Duerden, was on guard at the farthest outpost, when for reasons purely personal, he chose to desert, leaving the approach open to the enemy. Prisoner, you are charged with deserting your post in time of war. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," answered Amos firmly.

"Guilty?" echoed Floyd. "You hear, gentlemen; he pleads guilty. Prisoner, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing," answered Amos, and stood in gloomy abstraction, while Floyd and his officers conferred together in low tones.

At last the conversation ceased, and the General looked across at Amos. "Prisoner," he said, "you have been charged with desertion of your post in the face of the enemy. A graver charge could not have been brought against a soldier.

"That you voluntarily surrendered yourself is to your credit; but it can avail you nothing, for the braver and the better disciplined the soldier, the more serious such a dereliction of duty. There remains nothing for me but to pronounce the sentence of the court, since you have pleaded guilty. Once more, have you anything to say?"

And once more Amos answered "Nothing."

"Then," said Floyd, in a low, grave voice, "the sentence of the court is that you be taken back to the guard-tent and in one hour from now you be removed thence to a place to be determined upon and there shot. The court is dissolved."

Not a word more was said. The guard removed the prisoner, who, amid the wondering glances of his comrades, walked with firm step to the guard-tent, where the flap was lowered and he was left to his own meditations. The hour passed all too quickly; but ere it struck there was a sound of jingling spur and scabbard, and Floyd strode into the prisoner's presence.

Amos stood up and saluted.

"Duerden," began the General, "I think you have behaved like a madman. But you left me no option. I do not wish to make your load of trouble heavier than it is already, but I wish to tell you that already your story is known throughout the camp, and not one of your comrades has a word to say in your blame. You have forced me to condemn you; you are acquitted by them."

Still Amos was silent, and Floyd went on, not without emotion, "You saved my life, Amos, and I would fain be of service to you. Is there nothing you will allow me to do?"

"General," was the answer, "let me face my comrades' fire with my eyes unbound, and do you see to it that Agnes knows that I atoned for my fault and died as a brave man should die."

"I will," promised Floyd. His voice was gruff and unsteady and his keen eyes were moist as he left the tent.

Ten minutes later Amos Duerden stood in front of the firing party told off to do him to death. His regiment, drawn up, looked on, and all the superior officers were present.

Amos stood with the handkerchief in his hand which he was to drop as a signal for the volley which was to cut his thread of life so suddenly.

He glanced at his comrades, and some of the rough fellows were weeping. He looked at the sky, the woods, the river, for the last time, and drew in a long breath of sweet, fresh, morning air. "For the last time," he thought dully. "For the last time," and he braced himself for the coming shock.

Suddenly, far away, his eye caught sight of a party of horsemen advancing at a gallop. There was a flutter of skirts somewhere in the midst of them, and Amos, forgetting to give the signal, fixed his eyes upon the cavalcade and held them there, fascinated.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last he could distinguish the familiar figures of men he knew. But among them, horrible to think of, was his love, his Agnes, coming to see him die. A strange scream, more like that of an animal in pain than any human sound, burst from him. If he lost his nerve now he would be disgraced forever.

He had not looked for a trial such as this. It was going—going fast. He raised his hand above his head and dashed the handkerchief to the ground.

"Fire!"

From the dark mouths of the leveled muskets tongues of flame streamed viciously towards him. The rolling echoes of the volley died away, and Amos Duerden stood erect and unharmed.

Dazed and bewildered, he stared in front of him, hearing, as a man in a dream, the sound of those galloping hoofs. Then, mechanically he raised his hand once more, and went through the action of dashing the handkerchief to the ground. But Floyd, who had been watching him keenly, left his place and hastened to him.

"Amos Duerden," he said in a voice so loud that every man assembled there could hear each word that fell from his lips. "Amos Duerden, give me your hand." He stood, holding the hand of the condemned man and went on.

"You are a brave man and no coward, Amos Duerden. A coward would have hidden his fault, knowing that it could never be discovered. Only a brave man—I had well-nigh said a hero—could have come forward, as you did, to his own condemnation. Amos Duerden, there is not a man among your comrades who does not honor you to-day." A deafening cheer rent the air.

"You forced me to this course to defend you from yourself. You have faced the death you longed for, faced it as a brave man should. Its bitterness is past for you. Your sin is atoned for, and you are free. By my order the muskets were charged with powder alone."

At that, Amos Duerden, brave, strong man as he was, reeled from side to side like a wind-shaken sapling, reeled and fell, even as a dead man, at his General's feet.

When he came to himself, the noise of his comrades' cheering was still in his ears; but his head was in Agnes's lap, and she was bending over him with tears of joy streaming down her face.

Scientific and Useful.

YOUTH AND AGE.—The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children, but as age comes on the blood vessels in the bones are filled up by the deposition of matter.

PAPER CLOTHING.—The ever inventive Japanese are now making underclothing of their finely crisped or grained paper. It is very tough, and at the same time very flexible. The paper is not glazed, and is not impermeable, and when it has been wetted it is difficult to tear; in fact, it presents almost the same difficulty to tear with the hand as does the kid used for ladies' gloves. The garments made of this paper are cut to shape, and then put together by means of a needle and thread, and the pieces which require buttons and buttonholes are strengthened with pieces of calico or linen.

ODD CANNONS.—To add to the number of astonishing things that are made of paper, Herr Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannons, has lately completed some paper field-pieces for the use of the German infantry. Their calibre is five centimetres, or exactly two inches; and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one. But the resistance is greater than that of a field-piece of steel of the same calibre. It is not expected, however, that these paper guns will replace those of steel. They are intended for use in situations where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—Flowers of sulphur dusted over plants is the best remedy for mildew. It comes from dampness or when the plants are in an unhealthy state.

BEDDING.—Furnish all horses and colts with good, dry bedding. Colts are apt to slip and become injured if kept on wet, bare floors, and it is absolute cruelty to make a tired work or driving horse go without a good bed. Try it yourself.

THE COW.—Rest assured on one point; if a cow be under-fed or ill-treated she will make her owner pay for it at one time or another. It may not be to-day, not to-morrow, but the day will come when her product will be decreased by just so much.

FOOD.—To throw down twice as much food as the flock will eat may save a little time for the attendant, but is bad policy and wasteful in the end. Soft food sours, and even dry grain becomes filthy. The birds lose their relish for food and the result is anything but satisfactory.

YOKES.—One of the simplest and easiest yokes for oxen is a wooden beam bound to the head by straps. Here the natural strength of the neck is brought into play and no hold-back straps are necessary, as the yoke does not work back and forth. The system is in common use in many parts of the world.

Some time ago my wife had an attack of Asthma. I procured a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant and administered it to her with the result that she was entirely cured.—E. A. PIERPOINT, Springville, Iowa, May 27, 1892.

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LIVING ON THE FUTURE.

Of the three periods of time, the present is probably, to most people, the least fascinating. The sweets of yesterday linger in the mouth, and the prospects of to-morrow are seen through the magnifying-glass of the imagination, while in-day is too intangible to be grasped—it does not bulk out sufficiently large for generalisation. Youth is all for the future; middle age alone appreciates the present; old age loves the past.

The limited experience of youth makes imagination a necessity if thought is to have any scope; while the limited future of old age drives back fancy into the roomy past. Middle age on the other hand; is a two-headed Janus, facing before and after. Its gaze is perhaps less searching than that of either of the extremes of life; but it makes up in comprehensiveness what it lacks in penetration.

We speak of life being mature when its view is widest and embraces the three periods of time. In mid-life the requirements of the present encroach painfully on the imagination, and the actively-working mind seldom has time to look back except with practical intent. Intensity of feeling is sacrificed to range of vision, as a limitless expanse of noble scenery admits of no concentration of emotion on a single feature. We have ceased to look forward with longing eyes, and to go back is as impossible as it is undesirable.

Yet a consciousness of both the past and the future is necessary to an intelligent delight in the present. We mount the bridge of the present with eagerness, anxious to scurry across into unknown fields full of promise from a distance. Midway we are granted a seeming rest—we almost persuade ourselves it is a halt. The whole world is open to us, according to our capacity for seeing and enjoying it. We have grown less impetuous and less speculative; and, if the journey has been a pleasant one, if we have not been obliged to pick a careful way with eyes bent upon the ground, if we have energy and spirit left to realize what a broad generous view lies round about us, we shall be reluctant to resume our walk, doubtful, it may be, whether there are greater beauties in store.

But we are fated to continue, and, when we have crossed the bridge and find ourselves in a quieter region, where we may walk by easier stages, resting long and frequently, we sit down to reflect. Our minds turn fondly back into the earlier-known country, of which we thought so little as we traveled through it, but which now seems to us to have been overflowing with milk and honey. We begin to recall pleasant trivialities of the long journey that were too small and insignificant to attract our notice as we pressed along our hurried way. Scents and sounds come back to us with an enjoyment sobered by the thought of deferred appreciation. We cull thoughtfully our neglected pleasures.

For living on the future one must be differently constituted in age or temperament. "The mighty future," says Lamb, "is nothing, being everything! The past is everything, being nothing!" But, to many, the past, being nothing, is nothing, and their eyes are for ever straining after to-morrow or the day after. Either imagination, or indolence, or enthusiasm may beget this mental attitude.

The imaginative man or boy lives in the future in day-dreams. The bridge that he must cross does not exist for him. His "castle in Spain" has adamant foundations; he makes no doubt about occupying it; he already feels his foot on the threshold. He has fame while he imagines it, and wealth for the mere working of his mind. So subtle is the pleasure that reality could not give more gratification than does imagination. It is almost inevitable that the romance should end but the condition is an admirable one while it lasts. The indolent man lives on the future after an altogether different manner. A Micawber, waiting for "something to turn up," he never doubts that all will be well, though he never can show cause for his opinion.

One is not concerned to defend the blindly hopeful man. He is at least preferable to the lowering grumbler. It is true that sometimes the optimist's very cheeriness proves a source of weakness. His belief in the regeneration of mankind and in his own and other people's success is often so extravagant that he will hardly acknowledge the necessity for individual endeavor in helping forward his millennium. He is forgetful of the intermediary stages which lie between the inception of an idea and its realization.

He loses sight of the middle distance; he has an undefined but very serious belief in the power of mankind to jump any chasm, and, if necessary, to fly in the face of natural laws. The optimist is more of a sentimentalist than a reasoner, and his faith indisposes him to discuss severely the practicability of his ideals. For all that, he occupies a notable place in the social economy, and his countenance is as a lamp. The world walks by his faith far more than it knows; and his life in the future helps weaker men to bear more steadfastly the burden of to-day.

For a thorough happy and successful life a fine balancing of qualities is required—sufficient hope to make the future seem desirable and the present a promising prelude, and sufficient sobriety of judgment and admission of the true bearing of facts to prevent us from cherishing self-delusions and vaguely expecting what is not at all likely to arrive—in short, so to use the future as to make our thoughts of it a genuine help, an incentive to ambition, yet not a lure to disappointment, a prompter of plans, but plans drafted by good sense and corrected by experience.

Any belief in the future that does not transmute itself at once into present-day work is a spurious faith. You believe that a power is in you that will raise you from your present position and leave you at the end of life a successful man in comparison with what you were at the beginning. It is a thought that may be your worldly salvation or your greatest handicap, according as you realize or do not realize that it must be brought to realization by present exertion and that in itself hope has no fertility.

A HAUGHTY tone, a rude address, bruises no muscles, causes no physical pain, like the pangs of hunger or the misery of drought, but it hurts all the same; and if, as the proverb says, hard words break no bones, they none the less wound that self-esteem which lies at the root of half our sentimental grievances. Subordinates feel this domineering insolence of manner a great grievance when they are subject to it; so do superiors when they have to encounter the pertness of those whom they consider their inferiors. But the grievance in either case is based on exactly the same sentimental grounds, and to those who regard the physical as the sole real thing in life ought to count for nothing.

HE that pretends to a happy life must first lay a foundation of virtue, a bond upon him to live and die true to that cause. We do not find felicity in the veins of the earth, where we dig for gold; nor in the bosom of the sea, where we fish for pearl; but in a pure and untainted mind, which, if it were not holy, were not fit to entertain the Deity. He that would be truly happy must think his own lot best, and so live with men as considering that God sees him, and so speak to God, as if men heard him.

OUR children need to be practised in the discrimination between right and wrong; their consciences require not merely to be awakened, but to be taught. They need to be shown the difference between obstinacy and firmness, between rude insolence and manly frankness, between a servile compliance with other people's wishes and courtesy, between real strength and violence, between honorable thrift and covetousness, between a liberal generous temper and prodigality.

THERE are three great maxims of study—first, that mental labor never hurts anybody unless taken in great excess; second, that those who cannot spare time for physical exercise will soon have to spare it for illness; third, that morning work is generally better than night work. There has never been a time in the history of the world when an appreciation of these truths was more important than it is now.

There are many things that keep mankind employed, particularly business, or rather trifles, for so the affairs which are in this world considered as most important ought to be called when compared to that of minding our own valuable concerns, knowing ourselves, and truly consulting our highest interests; but how few there are that make this their study!

THE greatest battle-field of the world is the human heart; the greatest general is the one who can conquer himself. The greatest king is the one who can at all times and in all circumstances govern his own spirit. No man is competent to command until he had first learned to obey, No one is competent to rule until he had first learned to govern himself.

THE difference between sight and observation is the perpetual distinction which turns up among men, and is at the root of all growth in the lower or the high wisdom. Many go through life as the figure of a ship goes round the world, and end the vogage with no gain from it, but that they return more battered and weatherbeaten.

IT takes more than the desire and the will to accomplish anything truly valuable. We must also bring to the task knowledge, insight, intelligence, judgment, and wisdom; and these are only to be gained slowly by long and patient study and faithful endeavor.

Correspondence.

C. F. R.—The word Kismet is Arabic, and means that which is fated.

MILES P.—The word "limited," applied to a company, means that the shareholder is only liable for the number of shares taken.

BLOSSOM.—Originally the cubit was the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger. The Roman cubit was about 17½ inches, the Hebrew about 22 inches, and the English 18 inches. The weight of a shekel is half an ounce avoirdupois.

BRIDGEND.—No or not are synonymous; and either phrase, "whether or no," or "whether or not," is quite correct. Perhaps people with a delicate ear may, for the sake of sound, drop the t now and then; but it would be splitting hairs to dictate upon so moot a point.

S. M.—To ascertain if there is chicory in coffee, place a spoonful of ground coffee gently on the surface of a glass of cold water. The pure coffee will float for some time, and scarcely color the water; the chicory, if any present, will rapidly absorb the water and sink to the bottom, communicating a deep reddish tint as it sinks.

L. D.—The father has legal power over his children, which he can exercise until they attain the age of twenty-one. Moreover, he is entitled to their custody, and can re-take them if taken from his custody; has the right to direct their education and to correct them, or he may delegate that authority to another. The mother has no recognized legal power during the life of the father. But if the conduct of the father is bad, or grossly immoral, by petition their custody and education can be taken from the father.

GEORGIE.—A "bore" in a river, as in the Severn and elsewhere is occasioned by the advancing front of a tidal wave when it stretches across a bay or mouth of a river. These waves rush with such impetuosity as to sweep all before them. The same phenomenon occurs in the river Garonne in France as in the Severn. In mid-ocean it does not exceed the average surface of the waves by more than about three feet; but at Chepstow the spring tides rise to forty, and at such times a "bore" some nine feet in height rushes up the stream. This phenomenon occurs off Patagonia, between La Plata and Cape Horn; in the Indian Ocean, in the Bay of Bengal, and in the Arabian Gulf.

R. D. W.—The path of a planet or other body through the heavens is called an orbit, a word derived from the Latin orbita, a track, from orbis, a circle. The time taken by a comet in going round its orbit makes its year, and this is different in each one. Mercury goes round the sun once in eighty-four days, making its year less than a quarter as long as ours; Venus takes two hundred and twenty-four days to go round; the earth, three hundred and sixty-five and one quarter days; Mars, six hundred and eighty-six days; Jupiter, four thousand three hundred and thirty-six days; Saturn, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine days; Uranus, thirty thousand six hundred and eighty-six days; and Neptune, sixty thousand one hundred and twenty-six days.

P. P.—The principal provisions of the "Laws of War" as at present formulated by civilized nations are as follows—they forbid the use of poison against the enemy, murder by treachery, the murder of those who have surrendered, declaration that no quarter will be given to an enemy, the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering, the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's positions; they also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged, that public buildings shall, if possible, be spared, that private soldiers and officers must not plunder, that prisoners shall be treated with humanity, that the private property of prisoners, excepting their arms and ammunition, shall be respected, and that the population of an enemy's country shall not be considered participants in the war unless, by hostile acts, they provoke the ill-will of the invader.

MARIA.—We are prepared to receive your statement, and also to give it a broad margin, that not one woman in fifty marries the man she first loved. And the cause can readily be explained. What is called first love, is merely a slight agitation of the surface of the feelings—a sort of fluttering in the breast, as if a young bird nestled there. This, in playful language, is called a fancy, which may excite dreamy and hopeless reveries, but rarely stirs a woman's heart to its depths. Being evanescent it passes away like music softly dying in the far distance. Such a sensation is no doubt more than pleasant, it is delicious; it forms part of the poetry of youthful life; but, like it, soon fades into a recollection, with this difference—that in maturer years it is only remembered in hazy moments, when the mind has sought repose in languor. Real love is something else; it is a substantial emotion, rooted deeply in the human soul, because it has an object to gain. It is also intensely selfish; were it not so, the tender passion would have no purpose, no integrity, and its existence can only be known by the strength, the fierceness of its intensity. Thus constituted, it draws a spirit similarly kindled into communion with its own, and the two conjoined create within each a substantiality. It is this mutual attraction which creates love between the sexes, not that fleeting ideality which so often deceives the young and untutored imagination.

BETWEEN.

BY K. C.

Long years ago, when Life was young
And Love was all in all,
As sweethearts true we roamed the woods
From dawn till evenfall;
None knew—unless the birds can hear,
Or flow'rs have eyes to see—
The promise sweet, the secret vow
Between my love and me.

They parted us in angry scorn,
With cruel taunt and lie;
The sorrow-laden years have brought
No pang like that "Good-bye!"
She faded like some broken flow'r;
They took her o'er the sea,
And miles of heaving water lay
Between my love and me.

As men will fight for lives they love,
As famished ones for bread,
So toiled I on, and strove and planned,
As years repoiseless sped,
To make a name for her to bear,
A home where she might be,
To beat the world's proud barriers down
Between my love and me.

Though parted still, I grieve no more,
Nor curse my bitter fate,
But school my blest exultant heart
More patiently to wait.
He fights no more who wins the day,
She rests whom love sets free;
Heav'n's shining gates are all that lie
Between my love and me.

At Lyston Hall.

BY M. E.

"IT certainly is most mysterious," said Mrs. Morland emphatically laying down her knitting.

The Reverend Francis Morland, Vicar of Lyston Magna, to whom the words were addressed, looked up from the pages of his paper.

"What is mysterious, my dear," he inquired.

His companion was silent a moment, tapping her lip thoughtfully with her knitting-needle as she looked out through the open window at the garden, now in all its midsummer beauty.

The Vicarage was a handsome, dignified old house, which stood with an air of aristocratic seclusion, in the midst of its smooth lawns and brilliant flowerbeds.

Its grounds were divided by a belt of shrubbery from those of Lyston Hall, whose Tudor chimneys were just visible, peeping above the trees.

"I was thinking of the Lystons," she explained at last; "of the strange manner in which they have secluded themselves since their return from abroad. One would suppose that after a four years' absence, they would be glad to welcome their neighbors, particularly such old and intimate friends as ourselves.

They go nowhere and receive no one. Except for one formal call from Lady Lyston in return for mine, we have seen nothing of them since their arrival six weeks ago."

"It seems to me that we have seen a good deal of one member of the family," Mr. Morland remarked dryly, glancing towards the lawn, where two figures, a young man and a girl were seated on a bench under a spreading cedar tree.

The young man was Julian Lyston, son and heir of the master of the Hall, and the girl, Evlyn Morland, the vicar's only child.

"Julian? yes, poor fellow, he is glad to come. It is the only change he has from the dismal monotony of life at the Hall. But if Sir Richards knew of his visits here, even that innocent pleasure would be tabooed.

Mr. Morland's brows contracted.

"Do you mean that his father objects to his coming to my house?"

"It appears so. But in fact he objects to his going anywhere, and if he had his way, would make his son as great a recluse as himself. Julian says that they live as if the Hall were in a state of siege.

"No one is allowed to enter or leave it except on special business, and all the park gates are kept locked, except the wicket leading into our shrubbery, which, fortunately has been overlooked. Sir Richard was always eccentric," she concluded, "but it seems as if his eccentricity was developing into something like——" she touched her forehead significantly.

The vicar nodded gravely.

"There is insanity in the family," he said. "The old baronet, Julian's grandfather, was under restraint for years before he died."

He rose and stood for a moment looking at the group under the cedar, and his frown deepened.

"Julian and Evlyn seem to be on very familiar terms," he remarked, in a tone of disapproval.

"That is not surprising, considering that they have known each other all their lives, and were almost like brother and sister in the old days."

"H'm!" Mr. Morland stroked his chin reflectively. "And has he only a brotherly affection for her still?"

His wife laughed.

"Of course it is something more than that now. Anyone can see that he is passionately in love with her."

"And she?"

"I don't know what Evlyn's feelings are, and I question whether she knows herself. She is very fond of Julian, but I sometimes fear that she cares more for Gilbert Conyers—who, of course, is quite impossible."

"Why impossible?" the vicar demanded, turning suddenly with his hands in his pockets.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Surely you would never consent to her marrying a mere country surgeon, without fortune or position?"

"But with ability to make both," he put in. "Conyers is the cleverest man I know, and the best. A man to whose keeping I could entrust the child's happiness, without a doubt."

"And could you not trust Julian?" she returned half reproachfully. "I am sure that no one could be more amiable than he is, and as to cleverness, I have heard you say yourself that those poems of his show real genius."

"I don't deny it. I like and admire the lad as much as you do; but he is not suited to Evlyn. She needs the guidance of a stronger will. Besides, there is a another objection—the family infirmity. Julian has escaped it; but how can we tell that it will not reappear in his children? No," he concluded with decision; "if that is the object of his visits here, they must cease."

Mrs. Morland looked a protest, but did not utter it, knowing that when the Vicar spoke in that tone argument was useless.

Meantime, the young couple under the cedar tree were improving the shining hours in their own fashion, all unconscious of the shadow of coming separation.

Julian had changed his position, and was now lying on the grass at his companion's feet, his head supported on his hand, his fine dark eyes—the eyes of a poet and a dreamer—fixed adoringly on her face.

Evlyn took the adoration composedly, being well accustomed to such tribute, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat spoilt by it.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, radiant complexion, a pretty, wilful mouth, and clear blue eyes, which as yet had looked only on the sunny surface of life, seeing nothing of the depths beneath. At this moment they were unusually soft and dreamy; but she was gazing away from her companion, as if her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I wish I were an artist, that I might paint you just as you look now!" Julian exclaimed, after a moment's silence.

She roused herself from her abstraction with a laugh.

"Immortalize me in a sonnet," she suggested demurely.

"I am going to immortalize you in a whole volume of sonnets, under the name of April's Lady," he replied.

"And pray, why April's Lady?"

"Because no April day was ever more capricious," he declared. "This afternoon, for example, you are all that is sweet and gracious. To-morrow, perhaps, you will not have a word or a smile for me; they will all be given to my pet aversion, Gilbert Conyers."

"I don't know why you dislike Mr. Conyers," she said, after a pause.

"He is a favorite with you, I am aware," her lover answered resentfully. "You can scarcely expect me to feel much affection for a man who I know is my rival—and a dangerous rival too."

"You foolish, jealous boy!" the girl exclaimed, letting her hand rest carelessly a moment on his dark hair. "As if there could be any comparison between my feelings of you and for him. He is only a recent acquaintance, whereas I have known you all my life."

"And I am still first in your heart?" he asked eagerly, raising himself and detaining her hand. "You do not——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, glancing across the lawn. "Here is papa piloting a visitor—your pet aversion himself. Now do be civil to him for once."

He dropped her hand and rose hastily, his handsome face darkening with a look of jealous hostility, as he turned towards the new-comer.

The surgeon was a long-limbed, spare, athletic man of thirty, with a fine, strong intellectual face, which might, perhaps, have seemed somewhat hard but for the kindly gleam in the honest brown eyes which lighted it. They had a questioning, wistful look as he greeted Evlyn, then turned to shake hands with young Lyston.

"I have just come from the Hall," he remarked, addressing the latter.

"How did you find my father?" Julian inquired.

"Much as usual. He was asking for you, and seemed uneasy at your absence."

"Well, really, I cannot be perpetually chained to his side," was the reply, in a tone of suppressed irritation.

"My liberty is sufficiently curtailed as it is. If he were really ill, I should think it no hardship; but there is nothing serious the matter with him, as you must be aware, though you think proper—very injudiciously in my opinion—to humor his morbid fancies."

"May I not possibly be the best judge of what is good for my patient?" the surgeon rejoined quietly.

"Of course," Mr. Morland put in. "And, Julian," he added, "you must forgive me for saying that I would rather you did not visit us so frequently if your father objects, as I am told he does."

The young man flushed, then paled.

"Does this mean that you forbid me the house, sir?" he faltered.

"It means," the Vicar answered in his finest tone, "that I will not have you coming here cladestinely. It puts us in a false position."

Young Lyston bit his lip and was silent a moment.

"Very well, sir," he said sullenly, "I will come no more."

"Oh, papa"—Evlyn began, but the vicar, having launched his shaft, had thought it prudent to beat a retreat, and was already on his way to the house.

Julian drew her aside.

"No matter, dearest," he whispered; "though I am turned out of paradise, we will find a way of meeting. If you love me I will never give you up. Life without you would not be worth living. Only be true to me Evlyn—be true or you will break my heart."

He wrung her hand, looking with passionate entreaty into her face, then, without a glance at Gilbert Conyers, crossed the lawn to the shrubbery and disappeared.

"It is most unkind and unjust of papa," she declared indignantly, looking after her lover's retreating figure. "What has poor Julian done, that he should be banished in this way?"

"Does his banishment grieve you so deeply?" her companion asked with a searching glance at her. "You make me think—you make me fear that he is more to you than I supposed."

"He is a dear friend, almost like a brother."

"And nothing more?"

"You have no right to ask the question," was her rejoinder.

"I might reply that my own feelings for you give me the right," he said, quietly; "but it is not of myself that I am thinking now, it is of you, and your happiness. You have not"—his voice had a thrill of anxiety—"you have not engaged yourself to Lyston?"

"I have engaged myself to no one," she answered lightly, "and have no intention of doing so at present. And now, if you have quite finished cross-examining me, perhaps you will come into tea?"

"Presently. Let us take a turn in the linden walk first."

She hesitated and seemed about to refuse, but he coolly drew her hand through his arm, and she yielded, as she generally found herself doing, to the quiet mastery of his will, which fascinated her, though she chafed against it.

They walked on a few paces in silence beneath the over-arching boughs, which tempered the strong June sunshine to a soft green twilight, cool and shadowy.

"You say that it is no concern of mine to whom your affections are given," he began at last. "Have you quite forgotten then what I said to you under these very trees a month ago? and the question I asked you—a question which has not yet been answered?"

She made no reply, but her face showed that she remembered.

"I told you that I loved you, dear," he continued, "and I asked you if you would be my wife. You said that you must have time for consideration—you did not know your own mind."

"And now I seem to know it less than ever," she declared.

His face clouded.

"You are not treating me fairly," he said, in a tone she had never heard from him before. "I cannot consent to wait indefinitely, while you balance my claims against those of Julian Lyston. You must choose between us once and for all. Come, Evlyn," he added more gently, "you have kept me in suspense long enough, do not try me further. I want only three words, but all your heart must come with them."

He laid his other hand on hers, holding it with a close warm pressure which thrilled her as no touch of Julian's had ever done.

"Is it so difficult to say, I love?" he whispered.

The girl trembled and her color faded. A chord in her nature which had never yet been touched, vibrated to his tone. She felt that it would be only too easy to speak the words he longed to hear. They seemed to surge straight from her heart to her lips. But with Julian's pale pleading face still haunting her, and his passionate entreaty ringing in her ears, she could not bring herself to utter them.

"I cannot answer you now—it is impossible," she said hurriedly. "Another time—not now."

He looked at her a moment in silence. His face was grave and anxious.

"So be it," he answered coldly. "I will wait your pleasure, though this procrastination is neither kind nor wise. You are trifling with the hearts of two men who love you—a cruel pastime—and possibly a dangerous one."

"That sounds like a threat," she exclaimed, with a forced smile.

"No, it is merely a warning," he answered, and said no more.

Those warning words were destined to recur to her not long afterwards with all the force of a prophecy fulfilled.

* * * * *

On a bright afternoon about a week later, Evlyn was on her way to the Hall, having been summoned thither very unexpectedly by a note from Lady Lyston herself—a note couched in as affectionate and familiar terms as if there had never been a break in the friendly intercourse between the two families.

The girl found her friend in the pleasant south room which she most affected, the windows of which opened on a broad stone terrace above the garden.

Julian's mother was a delicate fragile-looking woman, who had been beautiful, and was still fair and slender as a girl, though her face was thin and careworn.

She rose as her visitor entered, coming forward with both hands outstretched.

"I am delighted to see you, dear child," she said, with unmistakable sincerity. "I was afraid you would not be allowed to come. I fear I have seemed sadly neglectful since our return, but—but, as you know, it is not my fault. Sir Richard's ill-health disinclines him for society, He——"

She hesitated, glancing quickly towards the open window. A footstep sounded on the terrace outside, and Sir Richard himself paced slowly by, a tall, gaunt figure, with handsome, but lined and haggard features, and deepest melancholy dark eyes.

As he passed, Lady Lyston drew her visitor back into the shadow.

"My husband does not know that you are here; I dared not tell him," she whispered, and was silent till he disappeared.

Then she motioned her to a seat at her side, and taking her hand affectionately, continued:

"I had a special reason for wishing to see you, dear. Julian has made me the confident of his hopes; he told me what happened the other day, and I was anxious to let you know that whatever Sir Richard's and the vicar's views may be, I am heart and soul your ally. It has always been my dearest wish to have you for a daughter."

"You are very kind, dear Lady Lyston," Evlyn answered with embarrassment, "but—but if Sir Richard objects, I could not——"

"He will yield in time if you are firm and patient," she said eagerly; I shall make him understand how desirable it is—how essential for Julian's happiness—and yours. For you love my son, do you not, Evlyn?" she continued, looking wistfully into her companion's face.

The girl colored and—lowered her eyes.

"I am afraid not—in the way he wishes," she acknowledged.

Lady Lyston's face changed.

"You do not love him!" she exclaimed in an altered tone. "Then you have accepted his attentions—you have won his heart, merely to amuse an idle hour, and to gratify your own vanity?"

"I did not mean——" Evlyn began.

"You did not mean," her hostess echoed bitterly; "no, perhaps you did not mean to break his heart and wreck his life; but that is what your cruel coquetry will do. Oh, my poor boy," she murmured, "how will he bear this blow? How shall I tell him——"

"He knows already," said a voice behind them. It was Julian, who had entered unperceived, and was standing just within the threshold.

"Will you leave us, mother?" he asked quietly. "I wish to speak to Evlyn alone."

She gave him an anxious deprecating glance, but left the room without speaking.

"So I have been living in a fool's paradise all these weeks?" the young man said, when they were alone, in the same quiet voice which sounded unlike his own. "You gave me the shadow—sweet looks and words that meant nothing, while Conyers had the substance—your love."

"Julian," she began, laying her hand on his arm.

He shook it off almost roughly.

"A fool indeed I must have been to be so easily deceived," he went on, with rising passion. "How you will laugh at me, you and he, when——"

He broke off with a passionate ejaculation, and throwing himself on the couch, buried his face in his hands.

"I did not intend to mislead you, indeed I did not," she protested. "Forgive me, Julian! Let us be friends still, it we can be nothing more."

"Friends? What a mockery!" he muttered. "I ask for bread, and you give me a stone."

After a moment he raised himself, pushing back his hair, and sat, looking down, with a face so dark and moody, so changed in every line, that her heart contracted with remorse.

"Well," he said at last, rising; "my dream is over now. I accept the inevitable. You are free, Evlyn. Good-bye, and this is indeed good-bye," he added, "for it may be long before we meet again. I shall go away for a time and try to—forget."

"Go away?" she echoed. "Where?"

"What does it matter? Who cares?" was the reckless reply.

"I care very much. Oh, Julian, we can't part in this way," she continued, almost in tears. "At least tell me where you are going. What are your plans for the future?"

"I have none; the future is a blank," he answered gloomily.

There was deep silence again. He paced across the room, pausing at the far end, as if deep in thought, his hand over his lips.

Presently he turned to her side.

"If you really care to see me again, before I vanish 'into the Ewigkeit,'" he resumed, more in his usual tones than he had yet spoken, "will you meet me somewhere? Say at the Belvedere, on Monday evening, after sunset?"

"The Belvedere? That is an eerie place at dusk," she objected, "but—well, I will come."

"Do not fail," he rejoined.

He took her hand, looking at her fixedly, and seemed about to speak again but checked himself, and they parted without another word.

* * * * * *

The Belvedere was a marble pavilion or summer house, which stood on rising ground in a secluded part of Lyston Park.

It consisted merely of one octagonal room, with windows on all sides, commanding pretty sylvan views of the Park, and the wooded country beyond. This apartment had been Julian's playroom in his boyhood, and now often served him as a study.

On the day appointed for their farewell meeting, just as dusk was falling, Evlyn ascended the winding path which led up to the pavilion.

The day had been sultry, and the evening was warm and very still. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, or broke the charmed quiet of the place, which had indeed an eerie look at this silent and shadowy hour. In spite of the warmth, she shivered nervously as she glanced round, and found herself first at the trysting place.

Not caring to enter, she stood between the pillars of the porch, looking down a long twilight vista towards the Hall.

A vague apprehension oppressed her, which she could not have put into words, and which was perhaps only born of the lonely spot, and melancholy hour.

As the moments wore on, bringing no sign of Julian, and dusk deepened into dark, her nervousness increased, and at last she was turning to leave the place, when she saw his figure advancing rapidly under the trees

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asked, as he hurried up the path to her side. "I am so sorry, but I could not get away before."

Glancing at his face, she was struck by its pallor.

"How ill you look!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I have one of my nervous headaches," he replied, taking off his hat and pushing back his hair from his forehead. "I have been in bed all day, and am supposed to be there still, awaiting a visit from Conyers. When he comes, by-and-by," he added, with a laugh, "he will find his patient flown."

"Suppose he should come here in search of you?" she suggested uneasily.

He laughed again, a laugh which jarred upon her.

"What a dramatic surprise it he did, and found you with me! A scene of comedy, or perhaps it might turn to tragedy—who knows? Come in, Evlyn, and sit down."

"I cannot stay long, I shall be missed," she said, as she followed him into the shadowy room, which felt damp and cold in contrast to the warmth outside.

Julian placed a chair for her, and sat down at her side

"It is like old times to have you here," he resumed, laying his hand, which was burning with fever, on hers. "Like the dear old days, long ago, when you were my child-sweetheart. Once, I remember, when we had been maying in the woods, you were tired and fell asleep here, and I carried you home with your little golden head on my shoulder. Dear golden head! Let it rest there again for a moment."

He drew it gently down to his shoulder, and laid his cheek caressingly against it.

"Oh, would that we two were maying once more!" he breathed, in a voice scarcely audible, "or would that we two were lying under the churchyard sod—yes, that would be best. You would be mine, then, forever."

"But I do not care to be yours on such terms," she answered, forcing a laugh, though his tone thrilled her, "I prefer to live and be happy."

"As Gilbert Conyers' wife?" he suggested, with a quick change of manner. "Is that the happy prospect you look forward to, when I am put aside and forgotten?"

He suddenly threw his arms round her, and strained her to his heart.

"Never, never!" he burst out, passionately. "I will not—I cannot give you up! If you are not mine you shall never be his—I swear it!"

Startled and alarmed by his vehemence, she tried to disengage herself.

"Don't talk so wildly! You frighten me! Let me go!"

But he only drew her more closely to him, so close that she could feel the rapid beating of his heart.

"I cannot give you up!" he repeated, hoarsely. "You are my only hope and safeguard. I am afraid of myself if I lose you—afraid lest I should yield to the awful voices that whisper such terrible temptations."

"Voices!" she repeated, more and more alarmed by his manner. "What do you mean?"

"Hush!" he whispered, glancing over his shoulder. "I hear them now; they are in the air all round us—mocking tempting, urging me on to crime. I have heard them often before, but never so distinctly as to-night. Listen!"

A sudden fear, a terrible suspicion, shot through the girl's heart like a bolt of ice.

She drew back from him, so that she could see his face in the moonlight. What she read there turned her suspicion to certainty.

There rushed back into her memory a crowd of half-forgotten words and incidents, each one of which confirmed it. She understood now the reason of Sir Richard's constant watchfulness, and strange seclusion; she had the clue to Gilbert's hinted warning.

It was not on the father that the family curse had fallen, but on the son. Julian was mad!

For a moment the revelation seemed to paralyze her in mind and body.

She could not stir; she could not think, except to realize that she was alone with him in this desolate spot, far from help; alone, at the mercy of a madman.

Recovering from the first shock, she reflected that her best chance of safety lay in showing no fear.

"Listen!" he repeated in a thrilling whisper. "Do you not hear them?"

"I hear nothing; it is your fancy," she faltered.

"No fancy could be so like reality; it was those voices which suggested the other day that I should meet you here; it was they who reminded me to bring this——"

She recoiled with a stifled cry, guessing rather than seeing what he drew from his breast pocket.

"My father had hidden it away," he said, with a laugh. "But I found it; my familiar spirits told me where it was."

"Julian! Julian! do not kill me!" she cried wildly, losing all self-control.

"Why are you afraid? he questioned, calmly; "what is there so terrible in death—a swift and painless death? And you shall not die alone, darling; we will go together to the silent land, 'where beyond these voices there is peace.' Come!"

"No, no, no!" she screamed, struggling to free herself. "You shall not! I will not die! Help, help, Gilbert!"

She uttered the name almost unconsciously, with no hope or expectation that her despairing appeal would be heard.

Her heart gave a wild leap of joy and relief when, from the park below, there came an answering cry in a voice she recognized.

Julian heard it too, and started, relaxing his hold on her wrist.

In a moment she had wrenched herself free, and darted towards the door, but before she could reach it, his hand was on her wrist again, detaining her in a grasp of iron.

Still holding her, he listened, laughing softly to himself.

"This is a happy chance," he muttered. "Conyers' arrival makes the drama complete!"

He forced her back into the shadow of the door, and stood waiting, revolver in hand, his lips parted in a sinister smile.

There was a moment of breathless silence; a moment of agony which the girl never forgot. She tried in vain to move; to utter a cry of warning.

Her voice died in her throat. She could only listen with straining ears to the sound of her lover's footsteps, hurrying up the slope, she could only think with mute anguish, that it was her voice which had summoned him, perhaps to death.

"Evlyn, are you there?" he called, with a note of astonishment in his voice.

"Yes, I am here, with Julian, but do not come!" she cried hoarsely. "Keep back! He will kill you!"

The warning came too late, for even as it was uttered, the surgeon appeared on the threshold.

Julian raised his disengaged hand, a sharp report rang out, and Gilbert staggering, uttered an involuntary cry of pain. Recovering himself in an instant, however, he rushed on his aggressor, and a terrible struggle ensued for the possession of the revolver.

Under ordinary circumstances Julian would have stood no chance against the other, who was by far the most powerfully-built man of the two.

But madness had double his strength, and it was only by a violent effort that Gilbert at last succeeded in wrenching the weapon from his grasp.

As he flung it from him through one of the open windows, voices and footsteps sounded outside, and Sir Richard appeared accompanied by two sturdy attendants.

The scene which followed—Julian's frantic resistance, and wild appeals to her to save him, mingled with threats which made her shudder, and bursts of hysterical laughter—seemed to the girl like some frightful nightmare.

It was not till he was exhausted by his own violence that he gave up the struggle, and sullenly, without another word or glance at her, submitted to be led away.

Gilbert Conyers was about to follow, but before he could reach the door, a momentary faintness overpowered him. His tall figure swayed and he would have fallen if Sir Richard had not supported him to the nearest seat, a cushioned divan under one of the windows.

"Conyers, Conyers, what is this?" Sir Richard exclaimed, touching his sleeve, which was soaked with blood. "You are wounded!"

The surgeon made no reply. His eyes were closed, and his bronzed face was lividly pale.

"Oh, he is hurt—he is dying," Evlyn exclaimed, kneeling at his side in an agony of fear. "Dying," she sobbed, "and he will never, never know that I loved him!"

But even as she spoke, the color ebbed back to his face, and the next moment he raised himself, drawing a deep breath.

"I am ashamed of myself," he muttered, with a forced smile; "to faint like a girl for such a trifle as this." He pushed up his sleeve above the elbow. "It is only a flesh wound, you see; the bullet passed through; but it has bled pretty freely, and——"

"Let me bind it up," Evlyn interposed, hurriedly, and proceeded to do so, as well as her trembling fingers would allow.

"Let us be thankful that it is no worse!" Sir Richard exclaimed. "I shudder to think what might have happened. This decides me, Conyers," he continued. "I shall take your advice, and place my unhappy boy under safe control without further delay. I should have done so long ago, as you know, but for my wife's opposition. She will not believe the dreadful truth, and clings to the idea that these attacks are only hysterical, and will pass in time."

"And is there no chance of his recovery?" Evlyn exclaimed, looking up.

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"My knowledge of our family history forbids me to hope," was his grave reply. "The first symptoms of his malady appeared about four years ago. It was for that reason we went abroad, hoping that change of scene might be beneficial; but we were compelled to bring him home.

"The attacks become more violent every time, though, in his sane intervals, he retains no recollection of them. He imagines—as no doubt others do—that it is my own eccentricity which causes me to live in such seclusion. You understand now, my child," he continued, "why I was obliged to discourage his intimacy with you, which my wife so imprudently fostered. I hope," he hesitated; "I hope your presence here to-night does not mean that he has been meeting you secretly, and has won your affections?"

The color rushed to her face, she glanced involuntarily at Gilbert, but his eyes were averted.

"No, Sir Richard," she murmured; "I only met him here to say good-bye, as he told me that he was going away from home."

"I am thankful to know that you are not involved in our sorrow," Sir Richard said kindly. "And now I must go, if you are sure you do not need my help, Conyers?"

"Quite sure," the surgeon answered, rising. "I will follow you as soon as I have taken Miss Morland home."

When they were alone, however, he deliberately resumed his seat, and drew Evlyn to his side.

"Are you in pain?" she asked, looking at him anxiously. "I shall never forgive myself for having been the cause of this accident."

"A fortunate accident for me," he put in.

"Fortunate?" she repeated.

"Yes"—his arm stole round her waist—"but for it, I might have remained in ignorance of an interesting fact—a fact which changes the whole aspect of my life," he answered, bending to look at her with eyes full of affection and tender raillery. "I might never, never have known that you loved me!"

She put up her hands to hide her blushing cheeks.

"You heard that——"

"I believe those were the words," he replied gravely; "but I was rather dazed at the time, and may not have heard correctly. Will you repeat them, please, more distinctly?"

"There is no need; you know already," she whispered, hiding her eyes on his shoulder.

"I want to hear it again," he persisted. "Such good news bear repetition."

He took her face in his hands, and compelled her to look at him.

"I love you with all my heart," the girl said earnestly. "I have loved you from the first, I think, though I was hardly conscious of it myself. But I feel unworthy of your affection, Gilbert. I don't deserve such happiness—I, who am responsible for all this trouble!"

"You are not responsible for poor Julian's malady," he said consolingly, "and though excitement may have hastened the crisis, it must have come, sooner or later."

"And you really care for me still, in spite of my folly and perversity," she began; "you do not——"

The sentence was never finished, for though Gilbert made no reply in words, he found an effectual means to close her lips and dispel her last remaining doubt for ever.

Few men are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful for them to the praise that betrays them.

Who Can Tell?

BY W. L. O.

LOUNGING on a bench under the tall date palms in the market place of Hamman-al-Ent, I smoked a rank cherbil in dreamy laziness. The day was dying.

Even while I sat, darkness crept on; the squatting, chattering crowd of white burnoused Moors and Arabs and red-fezzed negroes had dispersed, and the sun-baked little village seemed almost deserted. Suddenly the white figure of an Arab woman glided slowly and ghost-like from the deep shadow of the lizes.

Like all others of her sex, she was enshrouded in a haick, and the lower portion of her face was hidden by her thick white veil, only a magnificent pair of black sparkling eyes and a forehead upon which rows of gold sequins tinkled being visible.

Halting for a few seconds, she stared at me as if in surprise, then, in soft musical Arabic, gave me peace, exclaiming:

"Sadness dwelleth in the heart of the Roumi. Of a verity thou art not more sad than I," and, singing, she drew her adjar closer across her face, and was about to pass on.

"Sad, art thou?" I answered in the same language, surprised that she should address me, an officer of chasseurs. In the dim light I could distinguish that her hose were of the finest white silk, that her tiny shoes were Paris made and of patent leather, and that the hand which held the haick around her was loaded with valuable rings.

"Loosen thy tongue's strings, O one of beauty," I said, gallantly. "Tell me why speakest thou unto me, an infidel; what unhappiness hath fallen upon thee."

"Ah, no!" she replied, in a hoarse half-whisper, glancing round in apparent fear. "My people must not observe me having speech with thee. Ah, Allah may bring one of us to Certainty before to-morrow, and—if thou wouldst only help me!"

"What service can I render?" I asked, quickly, well aware that the fact of her speaking to a European in a public place was of itself a very grave offence in the eyes of the fanatical Aissawa. The barrier between Al-Islam and Christianity in Tunis is still insurmountable.

"First, thou must trust me," she said frankly. "I am called Fathma Khadidja; and thy name—already I know it. It is dangerous for me to hold converse here with thee. Let thy footsteps follow mine. Come, and may Allah, who knoweth the innermost parts of the breasts of men, shower upon thee bounteous blessings," and she turned and started off with that peculiar waddling gait of all Arab women.

I hesitated. If really in distress, it was strange that she had not called upon her own people to help her, instead of requesting an infidel and a stranger to render assistance.

No, I decided not to go, and sat watching her receding figure cross the market place, where slaves were being sold even within recent years, and disappear in the shadow of the mosque.

In an hour I had forgotten the mysterious Fathma and her troubles, and returned to Tunis.

Next afternoon as I entered my quarters in the Kasbah my Arab servant handed me a note. As I tore it open it emitted an odor of geranium, the favorite perfume of the harem.

Having read the three long lines of sprawling Arabic characters it contained, I placed the missive in my pocket and turned away. If I valued my life, I was to meet Khadidja that evening. Was that a threat, or a warning? During the remainder of that day I lounged outside the cafes and pondered deeply.

For hours I ruminated over absinthe and mazagran, cassis and bock; and, after much consideration, I at length resolved to keep the appointment and ascertain the extent of the mysterious danger of which she wrote.

At the appointed hour, I awaited her at a secluded spot outside the Bab Alowa. The clock of the Mosque of Sidi Mahrez, close by, struck solemnly, and as the last sound died away I heard the frou-frou of feminine garments, as a shrouded figure advanced to meet me.

"Ah, so that hast kept thine appointment, O Roumi!" she exclaimed, stretching forth to me a soft white hand. "Thou thinkest, because I believe in the One, and in Mahomet his Prophet, that I am unworthy thy regard; that I am not to be trusted, eh?"

Then she laughed lightly, adding, "Come, let us fly on the wings of haste. I want to have serious speech with thee upon a matter that affecteth us both."

Without replying, I walked on beside her, wondering whether she were ugly or beautiful. Crossing a deserted garden, we passed out to where two asses were tethered, and mounting them rode away into the darkness.

I remember that we went through several villages, and at length came to a larger place built upon the low cliff, where a number of spacious flat-roofed houses overlooked the sea.

Suddenly she dismounted before a low arched door in one of the great square inartistic whitewashed residences, and placed her fingers upon her lips indicative of silence.

Taking a key that was suspended around her neck, she unlocked the door and led me into a dark passage so thickly carpeted that my sword trailed noiselessly as she guided me onward. Once I caught a glimpse of a spacious patio, rendered cool by a plashing fountain and green with many leaves; then through two small chambers we passed, until we came to a closed door, which she opened, and I found myself in a spacious, dimly-illuminated apartment, decorated in quaint Arabesques of dark crimson and dull gold.

Everything was rich and luxurious. The air was heavy with sensuous odors rising in a thin blue column from the gold perfuming pan. On the floor lay costly Arab rugs, and a couple of lion skins were thrown down on each side of the centre mat.

A derbouka and a ginkri, fashioned from a tortoise shell, lay thrown aside, and from a magnificent hanging lamp of gold a soft, mellow light was diffused, though scarcely sufficient to show the heavy draperies that concealed the walls.

"Rest thee a moment, and I will return," my mysterious veiled guide said; and then, drawing aside some of the silken hangings, she disappeared through a door that had been hidden.

With hands behind me, I slowly wandered round, wondering what apartment of the house this was, when some half-finished embroidery that had apparently been tossed hurriedly aside upon a coffee stool of inlaid pearl and silver caught my eye. That told me the truth. My heart gave a sudden bound. I was in the harem!

A French novel lay open on one of the little tables. I took it up, and, as I stood in wonderment, a movement behind me caused me to turn, and then I beheld the most beautiful woman I had ever gazed upon.

Upon her bare arms and ankles diamonds flashed and sparkled with a thousand fires, and bangles jingled as she walked. She dazzled and fascinated me.

With an apology for having left me, she sank slowly among her cushions with graceful abandon, at the same time loosing one of the slippers, and motioning me to a seat near her.

"Thou thinkest it strange," she said, "perhaps even thou art angry, that I have brought the hither alone unto this gilded cage. But I must speak with thee—to warn thee!" and her dimpled chin rested upon her dainty palm as she, with seriousness, looked straight into my eyes.

"To warn me! Of what?"

"Thou art threatened," she answered, slowly. "Thou wilt, perhaps, remember that a month ago thou wert in Kabylia; and left Fort National for Tizi Ouzou. Thou hadst the careless indifference that youth giveth, and, no doubt, thou wert prepared to meet Iblis himself if he promised an adventure. On that occasion with whom didst thou travel?"

"I journeyed in company of a wealthy man of thy people, who was returning from the wine markets."

"Well a man thou hast ridiculed then in my husband!" she replied, rising and adding wildly, "Because I overheard the villainous scheme that he hath planned with his brother to take thy life, and at the risk of mine own honor I determined to save thee."

"Is thine husband neglectful, then?" I asked, noticing the poignant sorrow that in that moment seemed to have crushed her.

"Alas! yes. Whithersoever I go the curse of Sajin seemeth upon me. I am lost—lost to all; soulless, uncared for, unloved."

She hesitated a moment throughfully, glancing first at her own bejeweled hands and then at mine. With a quick movement she drew from one of her fingers a curious ring of silver, around which were Arabic characters of gold.

"See!" she cried, as if a sudden thought had occurred to her. "Take this, and wear it. It is my talisman, and as long as it is upon thy finger no harm can befall thee. It beareth the stamp of 'La Belle,' and will preserve thee in health and guard thee in the hour of tribulation."

She took my hand in hers, and drawing my own signet ring from my finger, replaced it by her strange-looking talisman, afterwards slipping my own ring upon her hand. A sob escaped her.

"We have exchanged rings!" she exclaimed, brokenly, looking up into my face with tear-stained, world-weary eyes. Then, clutching her bare breast as if to still the throbbing of her heart, she cried, "When—when thou art far away, thou wilt, peradventure, sometimes gaze upon mine, and remember that a service was once rendered thee by a poor, unhappy woman—thou wilt recollect that her name is Fathma Khadidja—that—that—ah! forgive me, for I am mad! mad!—that Fathma Khadidja loveth thee!"

Raising my hand to her warm sensuous lips, she kissed it passionately with all the fire and ardor of the Child of the Sun.

I tried to draw my lingering lips from hers, but with the fire of passion gleaming in her brilliant eyes she gripped me with a force I should not have supposed her capable of.

"Stay," she whispered. "Without thee the canker-worm of love eateth away mine heart."

* * * * * *

Next day inspection duty took me to the Haras Fortress, away behind the hills of Ahmar, and the voices of the muddenin were already calling the faithful for the maghrib when I re entered the Kasbah.

Hassan, my man, was playing damma in the courtyard, but rose quietly, saluted, and told me that he had taken to my quarters a small package which had been left by the negro servant that had brought the letter on the previous day.

Could it, I wondered, be a present from Khadidja? Rushing in, I found on my table a small box packed in white paper and secured with black seals. Eagerly I tore away the wrappings and opened it.

As I did so a shriek of horror escaped me. I fell back awe-stricken at the sight presented. Inside a satin lined bracelet case, bearing the name of a Paris jeweler, on a piece of pale blue velvet, there was stretched a human finger that had been roughly hacked off at the joint.

It lay still, white, and cold, with the blood coagulated where the blunt knife had jagged the flesh. The finger was a woman's—slim, well formed, with the nails stained by henna.

It was loaded with costly rings, which scintillated in the golden ray of sunset that strayed into the room and fell across them, and as I looked, breathless in amazement, I saw among the ornaments my own signet ring.

A scrap of paper that fluttered to the ground bore the words, scrawled in Arabic character, "From the husband of Fathma Khadidja!"

That same night I was pacing the deck of the mail steamer bound for Marseilles, watching the glimmering lights of La Goulette fading at the stern.

In fear and trepidation I took the hideous souvenir of reciprocated love, and when unobserved cast it far away from me into the dark rolling waters.

Perhaps there, deep in its lonely hiding-place, it met the white, dead thing of which it had once formed part—the body of the matchless daughter of the sun whose wondrous hair enmeshed me, whose tall, red lips of frailty held me like a magnet, shackling me to the inevitable, powerless and entranced. Who can tell?

CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY.—Why should a person make himself a nuisance? What gain is there in grimness, and sourness, and unsociability? Few people care to listen to whining and complaint. On the whole, the world uses us as well as we deserve.

It is very hard for the defeated to admit this; but it is a fact nevertheless, and, it only it be admitted, one of the chief reasons for defeat is removed. A cheerful philosophy is an important element of success. He who is perpetually suspecting others of ill-treating him and keeping him down is not a welcome companion. Every man is of less importance to the world around him than he likes to think. But he can easily test the matter by asking how much he himself dwells upon the condition of others. By as much as their grievances do not particularly concern him, by so much his own grievances are matters of indifference to them. So let him be pleasant, bury his sorrows, pocket his affronts, make himself agreeable, trust to Providence, and thankfully take what comes to him.

Humorous.

LIKE A TREE.

'Twas Harry who the silence broke:
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm bored," she spoke.
"Oh, no; because you're wood!" said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked, so low.
Her answer made the young man red—
"Because you're sappy, don't you know?"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,
And you may also bow—and leave."

Tale of terror.—A wasp's.

A driving trade.—Coaching.

Men who have risen.—Aeronauts.

Frosts are generally due before they come.

Combining pleasure with business.—Sugar-coating a pill.

"What did the old fellow say when you told him that you wanted to marry his daughter?"

What word is that composed of five letters, from which, if you take two, one remains?—Stone.

Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician?—Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

Why is the fly one of the tallest of insects?—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

Dora: "He said there was one thing about me he didn't like."

Clara: "What was that?"

"Another man's arm."

Mistress: "I told you half an hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlor, Bridget."

Bridget: "Sure, an' I did, mum, don't you smell it?"

"Well, he didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition."

"What was it?"

"He said he would see me hanged first."

Who are the most exacting of all landlords?—Why, children; because they never fail to make their own fathers and mothers parents.

Juneau Jack: "What are they lynching Sands, the grocer, for?"

Placer Pete: "He was caught putting gold dust in his sugar."

"You're no longer a spring chicken,' sneered the angry husband.

"But you're the same old goose," came the answer with a snap.

"Now, when you ask papa for me, be sure to face him like a man."

"You bet I will. He doesn't get any chance at my back if I can help it."

"Now that she is married, I suppose she belongs to an old family."

"If she paid what she is said to have paid, the old family ought to belong to her."

Scaggs: "Our town is much more prosperous than yours. Our minister's salary is nearly twice as much."

Jenkins: "Perhaps so; but ours gets his money."

Aunty: "So you took your first dancing lesson to-day? Did you find it difficult?"

Wee Nephew: "No, aunty. It's easy 'nough. All you have to do is to keep turning 'round and wiping your feet."

He: "Your father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am his employe, I hope?"

She: "Oh, no! He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised."

She: "Really, now, aren't you a married man?"

He: "No. Why?"

She: "Oh, you have such a settled look!"

He: "Yes; I've been refused by thirteen girls!"

EVERY GIRL WANTS TO BE POPULAR

Often that means to be able to play or sing. If the voice or taste for the piano is there and not the money, let us supply the latter. We will send a girl, free, to the finest conservatory in America.

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Our Young Folks.

THEIR ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY A. W.

ON a fine summer afternoon not many years ago, a large assembly of fishes met together in a pleasant bay. From some remarks that had been made by seabirds which had been driven inland by stormy weather, the fish had become aware that athletic sports had become very popular with men; and as fish are great followers of the fashions, as shown by their visiting this or that river or coast according to the prevailing taste, and by their habit of going together in shoals, or after a leader, and not taking each his own independent course through life, a few words from some of the leading fishes had caused this assembly to meet, to consult as to the propriety of forming a club for the promotion of athletic sports.

As most of the fish had not the slightest idea what athletic sports were, and had only come to the meeting because other fish were going, there was considerable difficulty in obtaining anyone to open the proceedings; but at last the porpoise, who, from his habit of rolling on top of the water, and going up and down the mouths of rivers with the tide, had most opportunities of hearing the seabirds conversing, was, contrary to his own will, unanimously chosen chairman, and, after protesting that he did not know what was required of him, he accepted the position, and addressed the meeting on the subject that had brought them together.

Following him came the sunfish, who said: "Fellow fishes, encouraged by the admirable speech which we have just listened to by our chairman, I have great pleasure in adding to it any information I may possess of the subject now before the meeting.

"Resting, as I often do, upon the surface of the water during these bright sunny days, I hear much of what passes between the various seabirds, and from their conversation I understand that those sports, of which our chairman has just spoken, are of two sorts—the one, consisting of throwing heavy weights and of different exercises of the arms, being for the strengthening of those members; whilst the other, chiefly composed of running and jumping, is for the strengthening of the legs.

"Not possessing arms, we can have no interest in the former sports, but, our fins being unto us as legs, there can be little doubt that if running and jumping were more commonly practised among us, their strength would be much more developed and increased, and we, being able to swim faster and longer, could all the more easily escape from our wicked enemies.

"I propose, therefore, that we should form a club, and meet here on this day week, when certain races should be run, and although, for my shape, I am quite unable to take my part in any of them, I shall be happy to use my best endeavors to promote their success in any way that may seem best."

The proposal was received with enthusiasm, and the sprat, who had been vainly attempting to attract attention to himself, now cried:—

"Fellow fishes, I am small, but little fishes have large hearts, and often long heads. My size, not my shape, forbids my joining in any race, seeing I might be crushed, but I heartily second the sunfish's proposal, and as my services might be useful, I now beg to offer them to you in any way you may be pleased to accept them."

The sprat's speech was received with laughter, and there being no opposition, the motion was declared to be duly carried, as were also a motion by the mackerel, that the races should be of various distances, to suit both great and small fish; and one by the sole, that there should be a separate race for all sizes of flat fish.

A committee was then appointed to carry out the arrangements of the meeting, consisting of the sunfish, the sprat and the skate, who represent the flat fish, the porpoise refusing to join, on the ground that he intended to run in one of the races.

The dogfish now rose, and was in the act of moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, when a lead line, heaved from a vessel passing over head, descended in the midst of the assembly; a cry of "nets" was heard, and the meeting instantly adjourned.

On the day fixed for the races a great number of fishes attended. The crowd on the ground was immense, and the committee, now acting as stewards, was overwhelmed with business.

The sunfish and the skate, who each wore a pink sea-anemone attached to his side, as a badge of office, were to be respectively judge and starter, and were comparatively cool and collected; but the sprat, whose size prevented his wearing an anemone on his side, and who consequently carried a very small rose-colored one on his back, to indicate his authority, and who was entrusted with the general management of the course, was to be seen bustling on every side, giving and countermanding orders, and in such a state of excitement that many fishes wondered that his small body could stand the work.

The stewards not having been able to mark out a round course, they had arranged that the races should take place to points fixed out in the bay at various distances, and home again, the starting and winning post being the same.

Not far from this post was another, on which hung a board with notice on it of the different races and the entries.

At the proper time, a quantity of crabs who had been engaged by the stewards, cleared the course, and the first race came off. It was called the hurdle race, and was about half a mile out and home again, the hurdles being pieces of timber, part of the deck load swept off some vessel; and the only fish that appeared at the post to start for it were the salmon and the porpoise.

At the word "go," they went off all together, the salmon having a slight lead to the first obstacle, which he cleared in grand style, whilst the porpoise rolled over it, scraping it as he went in a very slovenly manner, and thereby losing some little distance, which, however, he made up through his superior strength before reaching the next jump.

In this manner the race was run, the salmon keeping the lead, and gaining at the different hurdles, between which the porpoise made up his lost ground, until they reached the last jump, over which the salmon went gallantly, but the porpoise rising too near it, struck it with his head; although he rolled over it, he appeared to be hurt, and unable to make any effort to overtake his opponent, who won cleverly, the porpoise fainting immediately after passing the winning post, and falling on an old codfish who was watching the proceedings very gravely.

By dint of being promptly rubbed with rough stones and sand, the porpoise was soon restored to his senses, and rose, when the codfish was found to have been crushed to a jelly.

The hurdle race being over, the short race of one hundred yards for the smaller fishes followed, and to run in this appeared the mackerel, herring, pilchard, sea-trout, codling, haddock, gurnard, bass and lobster.

At the start, lobster, who had been stretched out to his full length, snapped his tail sharply, like the quick closing of a fist, shot out with a decided lead, which by dint of repeated snappings, he maintained, to the end of the race, which he won easily.

The mackerel and sea-trout, however, who ran a dead heat for second, at once protested against his receiving the prize, on the ground that he was not a fish, to which the lobster replied that he was a shell-fish (which his adversaries readily admitted), and that the race was not restricted to any particular kind of fish. The dispute waxed high, being increased by outsiders joining in.

As the stewards, who were rather puzzled, were deliberating upon their decision, a disturbance was heard at the outskirts of the crowd, which, opening, disclosed a whiting, pale with terror, not only in his face, but all over his body, who rushed up to the stewards and informed them that the sea-serpent was at that moment entering the bay, greatly enraged against the club, and especially against its officers, for not having given him notice of the sports.

At this announcement, the sunfish and the skate quickly detached their sea-anemone badges, and buried them in the sand, and many fish began to look behind them for a way to effect their retreat, but the sprat, coming boldly forward, called out:—

"Courage, my friends; stay where you are. Where is this sea-serpent? I can soon convince him that he is mistaken," and hardly had he uttered the words, when the serpent swam swiftly in among them.

"Where is this club? Where are its officers?" said he.

The crowd at once drew back respectfully on all sides, leaving a large opening, into which the sprat advanced, saying as he did so:—

"In me, your lordship, you see the president and representative of the club; permit me in its name to tender you a hearty welcome."

"You fishling! You a president!" exclaimed the sea-serpent. "But the insult is all the greater. How is it that you never sent me word of this club and of its sports?"

"Your lordship must remember that it is long since we have seen you, and you have no fixed place of residence; how could we know where to address you? Beside which, our club is for those fishes that frequent American waters, and we will be very glad if you will condescend to be included as one of us."

"Am I a stranger, then, to these waters? Have I not several times exhibited myself off the shores of New Jersey to wondering members of mankind? Yes, and still oftener would I show myself, but that these narrow seas are so covered with those dangerous inventions (steamers) that fishes of my size and length can with difficulty escape without some hurt from them."

"Your words are true, my lord," replied the sprat, "and with joy I hear them. Even as you appeared, I and the fishes round us were regretting your absence. Our principal race, once across the ocean and back, and in which many would doubtless have competed, has been suddenly ruined by the appearance of one who would take part in it, and one of such length that all others have drawn back, and we were regretting that you were not here to take the field against him."

"Of such length? Where is he? what is he like?" demanded the sea-serpent. "Can he compare with me?"

"He is like an eel, immensely long, but to all appearance young," replied the sprat; "and he is now gone to the place to start alone, none others dared to venture against him."

"Show me the place; I'll start against him!" cried the sea-serpent, in great wrath. "What fish is this that dare dispute my power in the seas?"

"Thanks, my lord," said the sprat, bowing low. "In the name of all the fishes, a thousand thanks. Please follow me," and he set off to where an Atlantic telegraph cable had been lately laid, on reaching which he cried, in great excitement:—

"He has started already; see, my lord, yonder he goes; pursue him, you will soon catch up with him; he's much too thin to last."

"Where is his head?" asked the sea-serpent.

"There, yonder; quick, you'll soon be past him!"

The sea-serpent dashed off along the line of cable at its utmost speed, amidst the cheers of all the fishes.

As soon as he was well out of sight, the porpoise, calling for silence, proposed that, as the sprat had shown such courage and presence of mind in the late emergency, the office of "President of the Fish Athletic Club" should be at once conferred upon him for life, and the sunfish seconded the motion, and it was carried by acclamation.

Upon this the sprat modestly arose, and said:—

"Fellow fishes, I am deeply grateful to you for the high position in which you have placed me; but without further waste of time, I would call your attention to the fact that the sea-serpent is under no obligation to pursue his rival until he reaches his head, and if, perhaps fatigued, it should occur to him to turn round and return to see if he has a tail, our meeting might be, to say the least, awkward."

His audience evidently thought the same, for in a moment the president found himself alone, without one member left to second his proposal; and looking round, he smiled, and took his own way home.

Whether the remaining races over came off, or whether the sea-serpent ever returned, is uncertain, but certain it is that the sprat remains "President of the Fish Athletic Club."

We can know but little of the motives which impel the actions of another; but we ought to know something of those which control our own. Mingled and entangled as they may be, we can at least endeavor to distinguish them, and to dwell upon the most worthy and yield to their influence, thus discouraging and weakening those which are inferior and selfish. Such restraints are even themselves transitory, for, when cherished perseveringly, they lead from obligation to desire, from duty to preference. The "ought," constantly obeyed, merges into the wish, and what was once a self-restraint becomes a delight.

The World's Events.

The skin of the kangaroo, when properly tanned, never breaks.

The word "boycott" has now got into most of the foreign languages.

Ninety-seven out of every hundred Arctic explorers have returned alive.

Americans are said to have the poorest teeth of any people in the world.

Plants grow faster between four and six a. m. than at any time during the day.

The thinnest, and at the same time one of the toughest, leathers tanned is frog's skin.

An apparatus has been perfected that will spin a kind of silk from the fibrous stalks of nettles.

Switzerland has the unenviable distinction of having a larger percentage of lunatics than any country.

Hospital statistics prove that amputation is four times as dangerous after the age of fifty as before.

Property is said to be so safe in Finland that packages left unguarded anywhere are hardly ever touched.

German locomotive engineers receive a gold medal and five hundred dollars for every ten years of service without accident.

Eating matches are common among the villages of Alaska. He who eats the most is considered the man of greatest distinction.

In Asia the average number of inhabitants per square mile is forty-eight; in Africa, fifteen; in America, eight; in Australia, one.

Thirteen crimes were punishable by death when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. To-day there are but two—treason and murder.

Bleeding at the nose, a doctor has discovered, can be quickly stopped by plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be endured.

Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of the letters carried by the world's postal services are written, sent to, and read by English-speaking people.

In Hindostan, when the parents of a baby cannot agree upon a name, two lamps are placed over the names. The one over which the lamp is brighter is that which is chosen.

The arrangement of the trees in Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, is said to represent the position of the troops in the great battle which gave the estate its name.

A man who is well up in dog lore advises intending purchasers of a puppy to let its mother choose for them. In carrying them back to their bed the first that the mother picks up will always be her best.

At a wedding recently celebrated the bride, bridegroom, best man, and bridesmaid, were all deaf and dumb. The bridal pair nodded their "I will," and pledged their troth by pointing to the words in their Prayer books.

Some Chinese phrases read very queerly; thus cheese is known as "cow milk cake;" slippers are termed "drag shoes;" a cigar, "stick of smoke-leaf;" a match, "self-come fire;" and black tea, it appears, is called "thunder tea."

It is a strange fact that, while the teeth of the negro slaves on the old plantations were remarkable for their whiteness, those of the freed negro of the present day are in an infinitely worse condition than those of his white brothers. This is owing entirely to the change of diet, and the colored man's weakness for sweetmeats.

The whole of a recent sitting of the Japanese parliament was devoted to considering whether a member had not violated parliamentary etiquette by attending the opening in a frock coat instead of the regulation dress suit. Finally the offending member was solemnly warned of his "indiscretion," just escaping being handed over to the disciplinary committee.

YOU CAN GET MONEY IF YOU WANT IT

$5, $10, $25, $100, $500 or even $1000. There is $11,500 which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has set aside soon to distribute among 440 people. Do you want some of it? You cannot exactly get it for the asking, but it is almost as easy. Write to

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

WHY.

Why do I love you, sweetheart mine?
In sooth, I cannot say;
Love came to me so stealthily
I never saw his way.

His gentle footsteps scarcely pressed
The pathway to my heart;
I only saw him standing there,
And knew he'd ne'er depart.

How can I tell what brought him when
I know not how he came?
I only knew, and bowed before
The magic of his name.

So many are more beautiful?
Ah, well, perchance 'tis true—
So many are m-ch better, dear?
Sweet, no one else is "you!"

HOW IT IS MADE.

It is somewhat curious that a substance very largely used in the making of temperance drinks should itself be a by-product in the making of wine; yet such is the fact. Tartaric acid is the acid of grape wine, and it exists in grape juice in combination with potash, forming bitartrate of potash, which is known among men as cream of tartar.

The uses of cream of tartar are many and various; it is largely employed by dyers as a mordant, and is in great request for medicinal purposes, for baking powders, and for the manufacture of "fizzing drinks" and other "temperance" beverages.

The deposit of the tartrate of potash is the most valuable by-product of winemaking, and the manufacture of cream of tartar and kindred compounds is one of the foremost industries in the wine-districts of France.

The cream of tartar of commerce is the product of the purification of the impure tartrates in the "lees" which the winemaker gathers after the vintage is over. As fermentation proceeds the tartar separates from the "mast," the greater the acidity of the wine the greater being the yield of tartar, while the stronger the wine is in alcohol the smaller is the percentage of tartar.

If the wine is allowed to remain any length of time in the fermenting tank a deposit takes place there; but the principal deposit is in the vats or tanks in which the first drawing off is made, and if the wine is drawn off warm the deposit is much increased.

In tanks lined with cement or glass the deposit on the sides is small, most of the tartar settling on the bottom, where it is mingled with the dregs and other impurities; hence some wine-growers consider that it really pays better to use the less durable, and therefore more costly, wooden vats, on the sides of which the crystals freely form. It is found, too, that the rougher the wood of the vats or casks the richer the deposit of tartar.

When the vats are emptied the crude tartar, technically called argol, is scraped from their interiors. This substance is in color either a dirty white or a dusky red, according to the wine by which it has been deposited, and it requires much purification.

It is now thrown into a large wooden tank which is about half-filled with water, and intersected by steam-pipes by means of which the water is brought to the boiling-point, dissolving the argol.

The liquor is then run off into a series of vessels lined with lead, across the tops of which are straps of wool from which slips of lead depend. Crystallisation takes place on these slips, as well as on the leaden sides of the vessels.

The cold liquor remaining is drawn off, reboiled, and run into other similar vessels until all the tartar has been deposited. The crystals thus obtained are laid out on shallow trays to dry in the sun, after which they are dissolved and recrystallised until at length the deposit is quite pure and white. Good commercial argol should contain about fifty per cent. of cream of tartar.

In France tartar-making, from the very scraping of the casks onwards, is a trade by itself; while in Italy, with the exception of Sicily, all that the winemaker usually does himself is to collect the crude argols from his casks and sell them to an agent for exportation; and the same may be said generally of Spain, large wine-producer as that country is. In recent years, however, tartar-making has become an established industry in Sicily.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.—Oh lover of truth! believer in all good and beautiful things! believer even in one's self, and therefore believer in others, and such as are far better than one's self! putter of security into the heart, of solidity into the ground we tread upon, of loveliness into the flowers, of hope into the stars! retainer of youth in age, and of comfort in adversity! bringer of tears into the eyes that look upon these imperfect words, to think how large and longing the mind of man is, compared with his frail virtues and his transitory power, and what mornings of light and abundance thou hast in store, nevertheless, for the whole human race, preparing to ripen for them in accordance with their belief in its possibility, and their resolution to work for it in loving trust!

Oh! shall they be thought guilty of deserting thee, because, out of the very love of truth, they feel themselves bound to proclaim to what extent it does not exist? because, out of the very love of truth, they will not suffer those who care nothing for it to pretend to a ferocious zeal in its behalf when the lie is to be turned against themselves?

THOUGHT AND ACTION.—Life is full of occasions where thought must still be definitely limited, and action must promptly follow. An hour, a day, a week, perhaps even a month, may be fitly occupied in pondering a decision or preparing for an action. Of course this time, well spent, should ensure greater safety and certainty in the final outcome.

Too often however the time is not well spent; the thoughts wander from the point; difficulties and complications, instead of being weighed and compared, are suffered to perplex the mind indefinitely; questions pro and con. come up again and again without being disposed of, the time passes on without bringing any clearer view, and at length the same thing happens that would have happened to the hesitating swimmer—the opportunity is over, the chance is gone, and time has finally decided what the wavering, procrastinating, ruminating mind was too weak to decide for itself. Persons who are conscious of this tendency way do much to conquer it if they will summon the resolution to submit to a course of rigid self-discipline.

Grains of Gold.

Misfortunes are moral bitters, and restore the mind to a healthy tone.

Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs, and overlook our own.

Truth is the object of reason, and this is one; beauty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

Trouble is architectural. Thousands of men but for trouble would not have been half the men they are now.

No one can act fairly without acting sympathetically; nor can any subserve his own best interest while that is all he has at heart.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up—not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict; we do not know the scars.

Books are the best companions: they instruct us in silence, without any display of superiority, and they attend the pace of each man's capacity, without reproaching him for his want of comprehension.

Femininities.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

She: "I don't know what makes her so positive about everything!"

He: "Her sex."

The Persians have a saying that "Ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

Talleyrand, during the revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, replied, "It began too late and ended too soon."

An impudent fellow says: "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

Amy: "Miss Thinly has blossomed out in a new woman."

Grace: "Gracious! Is she old enough for that?"

"You say," said the chief sub-editor, "that he walked forth from the grim walls of the prison a free man."

"Yes, sir," answered the reporter.

"Well, he didn't. His wife was with him."

Unreasonable Man: "Man's a awful unreasonable critter," said old Mrs. Blurdekins. "He kicks if his wife don't look neat all the time around the house, and he kicks if she don't wear out all her old clothes plumb to rags."

A Norton County (Kans.) paper, in speaking of Miss Kate Johnson, the County Treasurer-elect, says: "She is good-looking, jolly, well fixed financially, full of business, likes company, but couldn't be dragged into a pink tea with a four-horse team."

Roman Nose and White Horse, two Indian chiefs, with 150 Arapahoes and Cheyennes, recently rode into Harper, Kan., and compelled the white girls to participate in an impromptu ball which they insisted upon giving in the public square of that town.

"Isn't it absurd what ideas people in small towns have of large cities?"

"Yes: there's just one thing more absurd."

"What is that?"

"The ideas people in large cities have of a small town."

"But you are too young," pleaded the anxious mother. "No girl should marry before her mind is fully formed."

"Oh," said the gladsome maiden of eighteen summers, "my mind has been made up for more than a week."

Queen Victoria's maids of honor are all of excellent families or are personally selected by her. They are in constant attendance upon the Queen, two at a time, and enjoy the title for life of "honorable." If a maid marries who has served her full term at the royal court she receives $5,000 as a bridal present.

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper of a servant she was about to engage.

"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was considered too good-looking, for, when I opened the door, folks took me for the missus."

Birdie: "You think you love him?"

Nellie: "I know I love him. I never loved anybody as I love him."

"You are sure of it?"

"Am I sure of it? Do you see this hat?"

"Yes. It's out of fashion."

"Just so, and I am wearing it because he likes it."

"I say, there is money in buying your wife a bicycle," said the man whose face showed some traces of sordid greed.

"Oh, there is?" asked the man of no particular character.

"Rather! She may eat a little more, but she doesn't have time to stop and look at the shop window bargains."

Nothing commends a girl so much to her employers as accuracy and punctuality in the conduct of business. And no wonder. On each person's exactitude depends the comfortable and easy-going of the machine. If the clock goes fitfully, nobody knows the time of day; and if your task is a link in the chain of another person's work, you are his or her clock, and he or she ought to be able to rely on you.

A ladies' dog club is being formed in London for the purpose of looking after the interests of the many ladies who are interested in dog breeding and exhibiting. It is being carefully organized, and the members promise to help in obtaining a proper obedience to the Kennel Club rules at all shows. A specialty of the club will be the care of dogs at shows for a small fee, so that owners who are unable to attend may be sure that their pets are well looked after.

A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her together with fifty dollars.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right," said the wife; "see here it is."

On one page was inscribed—"Received from Willie fifty dollars," and on the one opposite the comprehensive little summary—

"Spent it all."

Masculinities.

Prince Bismarck has fought over thirty duels.

Some men's probity seems to be all right until you begin to probe.

There's nothing makes a man angrier than to know he has made a fool of himself after having his own way about it.

The Khedive of Egypt has a private zoological collection. He calls most of the animals after persons and potentates whom he dislikes.

A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

"I see by the paper that our customer, Soudkins, is married," said the bookkeeper. "Indeed? I shall be sorry to lose him," replied the fashionable tailor.

The Earl of Harrington, who has been running a fruit store in London, at which he sells the products of his gardens, has now added to it a cream-cheese branch.

Undertaker Smith, of Leavenworth, Kan., at the recent reunion of the Grand Army veterans, displayed in front of his establishment a huge sign, "Welcome, Comrades."

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

The following curious advertisement appeared the other day in a London paper: "Sympathy offered to those who are in trouble and have no one to whom they can tell their sorrow. Interviews by appointment."

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thy own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayst avoid, but thyself thou canst not; wickedness is its own punishment.

Sir R. Menzies, Bart, of Menzies, Scotland, the hereditary chief of the Clan Menzies, is the oldest Highland chief of any clan now living, being in his eightieth year. He stands 6 ft. 3in. in height, and wears the kilt both summer and winter.

One of the important officials of the German court is said to be the "imperial pants stretcher." And as the emperor has over a hundred pairs of trousers and changes them with considerable regularity it is easy to see that that position is far from being an honorary one.

The genial King of Siam, at his visit to the Swiss Parliament in Berne, took an album to all the members, in which he asked them to draw a pig with their eyes shut and sign their efforts with their autograph. The King, as have many American youths and maidens, gained much amusement from the regularity with which the statesmen failed to connect the tail with the body and put the eye in the middle of the bam.

Mr. Alma Tadema, the famous artist, is one of those who believe that there is luck in numbers. His lucky number is 17. His wife was 17 when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was 17; the present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17. This was in 1886. It was on November 17 that he and his family first took up their residence there.

The Czar of Russia shares very largely the superstitious fancies of his house. He attaches special importance to a ring which he is said to wear night and day. This mystic ring is believed to contain a piece of the true cross. The Czar's faith in its virtues as an amulet are unbounded. Some time ago he was traveling from St Petersburg to Moscow when he discovered that he had left the ring behind him. He was in a state of panic, and despatched a message to St. Petersburg for the missing ring, declining to resume his journey until it came again into his hands.

TO ANY COLLEGE YOU LIKE WITHOUT COST

This is what THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is ready to do for any girl or young man. Would you like to see how 300 girls have already succeeded? They tell their own stories in a beautiful booklet just published, free, by

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Latest Fashion Phases.

One of the distinctive features of the new skirt is that it is cut very long in front. The feet must be completely hidden, and the front breadth must be as narrow as possible. Most skirts made of double width material will have one narrow front breadth and a widely gored one at each side, to give the requisite fullness at the back.

Plainly made skirts will be favored, such trimmings as are used being almost exclusively flat ones and applied either to the lower part or running up each side of the front breadth. Flounces will only be used for evening dresses and will not reach much above the knee.

Tucked silk shirt waists are in the greatest possible evidence. They will be worn during the winter, and will be in light shades, worn under tailor jackets, wraps of fur and heavy cloth coats. Flannels shirts, also tucked, are shown in all the leading shades, and are almost as popular as their silk rivals.

The cloth skirt and velvet Russian blouse combination is greatly in favor. Under the blouse is worn an elaborate bodice, but as a rule the blouse is only thrown open, not removed in the house, and an outside cloak or a fur collar is added for out of doors.

Some of these blouses, however, are heavy enough to make such additions unnecessary. One such garment was black velvet held at the waist by a stout belt of gilt links, and was richly embroidered on fronts and sleeves with beads and nailheads. Richness but not much warmth was added by revers and collar facing of ermine. This was worn with a sun pleated skirt of mastic cloth, and even without the ermine would have stood as a distinctly swagger outfit.

This same idea of cloth skirt and velvet blouse is carried out in evening gowns of the less formal type, the under bodice being cut low. Sometimes the lining of the velvet coat is made to match the under bodice, adding to the elaborateness when turned back.

May it be noted, too, that the low cut evening bodice may appear with a yoke in the afternoon, and so it is possible to invest a new low messenger fling we have a gray cloth skirt, a gray cloth bodice made on a yoke of openwork showing orange silk beneath and a rich sapphire blue velvet Russian blouse belted with a satin band studded with turquoise.

If you wish to refurbish your wardrobe, first of all engage a skilful dressmaker to come to the house. These dressmakers may be had for sums ranging from $1 25 to $2 50, and they will take an interest in making over dresses that a more hurried dressmaker cannot possibly take.

Before it is time for the dressmaker to come to you take account of the stock, and rip and press all material that is at all presentable, steam all pieces of velvet, and carefully brush and rub all pieces of passementerie; then lay your material in its refreshed condition before the arbiter of your fate.

Take a dress that to you appears almost hopeless from being badly worn under the arms and frayed out around the skirt. Rip out the large sleeves, make them smaller, and from the pieces taken from them make entirely new side bodies to take the place of the worn ones, and out of pieces of velvet make tiny jackets. Trim the jackets with any pieces of passementerie that you may chance to have; make a velvet collar; refresh the skirt; put a new binding on, and you will be surprised to find what magic a little pressing and renovating has wrought.

If you have a cloth dress that you have worn until you are tired of it, carefully rip it, remove the linings, then baste the seams carefully together; take it to the dyers, and he will tell you which colors will be best taken by the goods. From these colors make your selection, and for $2 or $2.50, behold, bright and fresh, the material for a gown. In selecting the color for the dress bear in mind any pieces of good velvet, silk or other trimming you may chance to have, and by this means the entire dress may be made without the expenditure of any money except that paid for dyeing.

To prove itself of this season a gown must have a blouse with some show of skirt below the blouse belt, the bodice must be set on a yoke or must open over a loose chemisette, or the skirt must open to show an under petticoat. Other characteristics of the season are long sleeves for low-necked gowns, the employment of orange in lining or finishing; cloth skirts, even tailor-made, must drag, or pretend to, or the cloth and the skirt must be made free from the silk lining, except at the skirt band. The finish of the sleeves at the wrist in some sort of a funnel cuff, though the funnel is often split or incomplete, is another characteristic carried over from last season, but still new.

Capes are out in the cold in an unusual sense this year, for unless prepared with considerable degree of novelty they are not at all desirable. One seen was unusual enough to make it entirely safe, and was rendered so by being made from the same material as the gown that went with it.

Amethyst colored cloth was used, the gown being of simple design, with a little trimming of fine black braid on both skirt and bodice. The cape was lined, and cut in one with the collar and its front edged with a bias fold of the goods. A wide band of chinchilla trimmed it, the same fur trimmed the collar, and the muff was to match.

So it will be seen that the cape was made acceptable by planning it for one dress alone and by mating it also with a muff, which was very far from an economical process.

A beautiful effect gained by perforating the goods, was on a gray cloth gown, whose loose blouse waist was belted with folds of apple green silk. The cloth was cut in stencil pattern, the pattern outlined by braiding, and the apple-green lining showing through.

The skirt was made to hang free from its lining, was lifted a little at each side, a few folds resulting on the hips, and the apple green silk skirt showing dimly beneath.

Another stencil pattern followed the side seams of the skirt. The gray of the cloth was very light. With the dress were worn delicate gloves and a close toque of gray undressed kid, wound with apple-green velvet and upholding a spray of white paradise feathers. This rig was every bit nice enough for evening wear, though planned as a swagger morning suit.

Tails to a blouse are highly desirable, but they may be the merest faint suggestion. The bagginess must be real, though it may be slight but the tails may be most transparent of fakes.

In one model suggested were lines of black mohair braid, similar lines outlining a yoke and vest on the bodice, the dress material being navy blue diagonal. Yoke and vest were black velvet ornamented with buttons, the collar being made to match.

Beside this gown in the pattern was a bodice that fitted tightly, and was supplied with an elaborate yoke effect of braid. Pleated black taffeta supplied jabot, epaulets and wrist ruffles, and the belt was of the goods—red chevoit.

Orange is the solid color for petticoats. Plaids are more stylish than plain colors, but if you will have an orange silk skirt made with a triple ruffle to button on at the knees, the ruffle extending to the hem of the skirt, you will be as stylish as need be.

You can have a frill of black net made to button on over the orange, and a double frill of black silk to go on instead of the flounce of yellow. This will equip you with petticoats for all occasions, if you have a frill of white silk. The triple frill consists of an underflounce, not very full; made to extend from the buttons to the hem.

The next frill is set right over this, is the same length, but is drawn as full as possible by some five or six rows of shirring, or smocking at the band, and being so full it flutes up at the hem, showing the under-flounce. Over this second flounce is a pointed flounce, considerably shorter than the under two and not so full, the curving fullness of the middle flounce showing prettily between the points of the top one.

Odds and Ends.

USEFUL HINTS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Manage the Lamps.—Here are rules that will make lamplight a delight, and not a smoking oily nuisance:

Never let the wick grow very short. Supply a fresh one when the old one seems clogged and stiff.

Do not cut the wick. Rub the charred portion from it with a soft rag each day.

Fill the oil tank with fresh oil each day and never fill it quite full. Let there be at least an inch and a half free at the top of the tank.

Wash the chimney every day and the shade, if it is glass or porcelain, at least once a week. Dry the chimney with the regular drying cloth and polish with soft newspapers or chamois.

Once a month boil the burners in vinegar. The smoke, the oozing oil and the dust form a disagreeable compound which can be removed only by the action of the acid. A burner treated to this bath and dried thoroughly, supplied with a fresh wick and good oil, gives a light by which it is a distinct pleasure to read, write or sew.

Some Measures.—Housekeepers should remember that two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar weigh about one ounce.

That two rounded tablespoonfuls of flour weigh an ounce.

That one heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar weighs an ounce.

That one cupful of wet or dry material is half a pint.

That two cupfuls of granulated sugar weigh a pound.

That one cupful of butter weighs half a pound.

That twelve level tablespoonfuls of dry material are equal to eight that are well heaped.

That two ounces of unmelted butter are as large as an egg of medium size.

That eggs ought to be weighed instead of counted for custards, cakes, puddings, etc., because nine large, ten medium and twelve small ones weigh a pound without their shells.

Home Massage.—You may use massage for obesity, for rheumatism, for weariness and for wrinkles. For all these ills to which femininity is heir it is excellent.

Massage of the body should always follow and never precede a hot bath. After bathing and being vaporized the flesh is much more supple and flexible.

Massage consists in rubbing, kneading and pounding with the fingers all the fleshy part of the body. A massage treatment is, therefore, difficult to manage if one has no maid, but it can be done by the use of a long handled rubber brush. The movements must be gentle and the treatment not very long.

In massage of the face, if the skin is sensitive, redness is apt to follow. The fingers should be dipped in olive oil to prevent the chafing of the skin. The face should be very lightly pinched and kneaded. The movement must always be in an upward direction. On the face, neck and chin the tips of the fingers should be used, and used very gently, but not the whole hand.

If one takes massage for obesity the rest after it should be brief. If it is for weariness or rheumatism a nap may very beneficially follow.

A nice way to drape dining room windows is to take one length of denim, satine, or cretonne, another of fishnet, and sew these together. Add a ruffle of lace to the net and drape back in some pretty way with corded cotton cord. Curtains made in this way are very pretty and not expensive. Of course there are two curtains to every window, as one always gives a poor effect to a room.

Curtains made of plain fishnet are always pretty and fresh looking, and if care is taken are as easily laundered as dotted muslin.

A pretty way to drape lace curtains and to use the top part that one hardly knows what to do with is to turn it over on the right side instead of the wrong and plait the curtain in large side plaits toward the outside of the window.

Then take the turn-over part and drape it up in the centre toward the pole. This will bring the ends together, forming a butterfly effect, which is very pretty.

These curtains should not be hung from large poles, but have a hem run in the top, and a slender brass rod slipped through it, and then the rod held at each end by small screws with eyelet heads, or knots with fancy decoration. When the upper part of the curtain does not show, a strong tape can be run through the hem and tacked to the framework of the window.

A beautiful pair of portieres can be made by using any plain material, such as plush, velvet, velour or satin, for the portieres themselves, and applique lace. Choose a coarse lace with a heavy pattern and baste it all around the portieres, or, if one prefers only one side and the bottom. Sew the figures of the lace firmly to the material, and when this is done, cut away all the net or thin part of the lace.

If neatly done and the curtains lined with silk, this will make a most beautiful pair of portieres for either doors, archways or windows.

A successful method of purifying the hands is the putting of a mixture of flour and mustard into the bath when washing. The rubbing to be discontinued as soon as the smarting of the flesh is felt. This very efficacious method of sterilization of the hands also deodorizes them. Iodoform, even, is quite removed by the soaping in combination with flour of mustard.

Those who desire to make gifts with their own hands for the holidays may get a suggestion from the following.

Hatboxes, padded and perfumed and covered with flowered cretonne, or painted silk, are made by the beauty-loving maiden for her airy theatre bonnets, her plumed hat and other perishable headgear.

A medicine case of coarse brown linen is bordered with a puffing of pink silk ribbon. The vials are held in place by a band of garter elastic covered with puffed silk and divided into spaces large or small enough to accommodate the bottles.

One end of the linen case turns in and is tacked to form two pockets that are to contain court-plaster, a tiny scissors, antiseptic cotton and a roll of soft linen. The little bottles are labeled with familiar names, ammonia, arnica, quinine, ginger, camphor and other household standbys.

An odd penwiper has a cover of ooze leather, with a picture of a preternaturally wise looking owl writing a letter as the pokerwork design. The leather is cut to silhouette the head and tail feathers of the bird, giving an amusing and grotesque effect.

Toys for men are not uncommon this season. Cigars and cigarettes packed in such perfect imitation of real cigar and cigarettes boxes as to deceive even an inveterate smoker, are made of chocolate or peppermint. Big, businesslike looking pens, pencils and paperweights are made of sugar paste and paper, and the most artful of spectacles, opera glasses and cases are made of isinglass, tinsel and candy-filled wood.

Plants.—The reason why plants fade so soon in ordinary living rooms is because due attention is not paid to them. The mere supplying them with water is not enough; the leaves should be kept perfectly clean, for plants breathe by their leaves, and if their surfaces are clogged with dust, respiration is hindered, or may be altogether prevented.

Plants perspire by their leaves, too, and dirt, of course, impedes the perspiration, and as they also feed in the same manner, it is evident that there can be no thriving and growth without real cleanliness. Cast the eyes upon the foliage of plants kept in the ordinary sitting room, then draw a white handkerchief over the leaves, and it will be seen that they are far from being as clean as their nature requires.

Lemon Jelly Cake.—To make the cake, take a teacupful of sweet cream, two teacupfuls of sugar, two of flower, two eggs, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half as much soda. Beat the eggs until very light; then add the sugar and beat five minutes longer. Add the cream, and finally the flour, with the soda and cream of tartar mixed with it.

Wash a small quantity of butter in cold water, so as to extract all salt from it; then use it for buttering four deep tin plates. Pour the batter into these plates, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

To make the jelly or filling, take a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of one and a half, two eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of water. Beat the eggs well, and put all the ingredients on the stove in a basin to cook seven minutes over a rather slow fire. Stir all the while. On taking the mixture from the fire let it cool, then spread it upon two of the cakes, and place the remaining cakes upon the first two. Lemon jelly cake should not be made unless it is to be served fresh.

Mock Oyster Sauce.—To a quarter of a pint of water, add a dessertspoonful of essence of anchovy, and the same of mace, pepper and salt. Put in the end of a lemon and let boil. Strain the liquid then and add butter, flour and cream, well stirred in, and warm the sauce again.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

BY J. R. O'R.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie,
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
O, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no; from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies from mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let us dream as of yore by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

Nelly Gray.

BY M J C

"NELLY, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," was the somewhat hesitating reply.

"Had you any bad news from home?"

"N—o."

'Oh, well; cheer up then, I can't have you looking so soberly," and the young husband put the hair from her forehead, and looked tenderly upon the usually so bright and cheery face.

Their eyes met, and the deep yearning, the dewy sadness, which Nelly would have hidden in her heart if she could, smote him painfully; ay, even wonderingly; for this was the first cloud that had obscured their domestic happiness.

"Here's the book you've been wanting from Mudie's, and they say it's very interesting."

"Much obliged, Ralph, you were kind to call for it."

"And there's the 'bus, and I must go back to town for two hours; try and cheer up, won't you? I'm sorry to go, but do the best you can, darling. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Poor Nelly! she wished it were four hours instead of two; a week or two weeks; long enough at least for her mind to resume its usual balance. She saw her husband's form retreating through the foliage, heard the gate swing to its latch, but sat long afterward by the open window, fixedly, as if heavy fetters bound her.

The coveted volume lay in her lap unopened, the echo, "Cheer up, Nelly," sounded dimly in her ear, and the voice of her heart was like that of a stricken dove. She drew from her pocket a letter, and read it again.

DEAR NELLY:—You may be assured that after drifting about so long I am very happy to cast anchor in the placid waters of your home-harbor, twenty miles or more inland. It is lonely here without you, that's true; but even your absence couldn't hinder the fulfillment of my promise made last summer. I could fill a volume for you, Nellie; but next week we are coming to see you.

"You spoke of Watson. That has all passed by; and doubtless, as simple Hannah used to say, I shall have to 'dance in the brass kettle.' Well, so let it be; we must all fulfill our destiny, and you know there must needs be some dear aunty to rock the cradle, and bear about spacious, well-filled pockets to the utter delight of children.

"The last day of my journey brought me into company with a gentleman bound for the same place as myself. He kindly took charge of my trunks, was very gentlemanly, and his whole appearance was so faultless that no one could justly have indulged a suspicion against him.

"Then the mutual acquaintance of our friend Nelly placed us on more familiar ground; strange as it may appear, I said nothing of your marriage, and he, having been long absent, was in ignorance of the fact. Well, he called on us (your mother and myself) to-day, and I know there is a great sorrow on his heart. Is it connected with yourself? Remember I shrive you with all the dignity of a real confessor.

'Said gentleman has very expressive eyes, usually quite mirthful—but the least reference to you casts such a shade over them, an expression of anguish almost, controlled only by strong effort. I suspect that hitherto you have rejected him. But I'll not tire you longer, so good-bye for to-day. Hoping to see you soon, I remain, now, as ever, truly and affectionately yours,

"JENNIE WALWORTH."

Poor Nellie! how her head ached as she laid aside the letter. How the strong impulses of her nature in their wild uprisings threw off the present and reproduced the past.

Six years ago that June she had last seen Thomas Ames. He was then a youth of twenty, with a visionary cast of mind, and an active, restless and adventurous spirit.

So it was not strange that after three years' companionship with sines and cosines, tangents and cotangents—cases dative, accusatives and ablative, cases disciplinable, suspendable, etc.—he should grow weary, and at length turn his back upon college walls, shutting out his aspirations and honors for allurings from the Land of Gold.

Several of his companions were to embark with him, and the journey promised great enjoyment previous to dazzling profits.

His father was a kind, indulgent parent; he listened to his boy's trials with evident sympathy, but tried to dissuade him from his enthusiastic and visionary plans.

Persuasions were vain, and remonstrances seldom resorted to, so young Ames had been fitted out comfortably, a passage engaged on board ship, and the day already come for his departure.

That day there was a funeral. Sandy Blythe, Mr. Ames's gardener, sat in his cottage with bowed head and clasped hands, speaking not a word, but to say, "There is nae sorrow like my sin." Mary, his wife, had more strength and fortitude. Parting the curls back from the little sleeper's forehead, she found voice to say, "Dinna weep sae sair, Sandy; 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Nelly had made the muslin shroud, robing the child therein, and placed rose buds and myrtle in the waxen hands. Young Ames accompanied her.

The coffin was brought and they laid the child carefully therein, and with sad hearts.

The childless parents took their last agonizing look, and the lid was closed.

Thomas Ames walked home with Nelly; he asked her to write him, and the affirmative reply, her love and manner said plainly that his own heart-feelings were reciprocated. They parted at the gate.

In another hour the iron horse was bearing Ames speedily away, and engraved upon his heart was an image ineffaceable as the rock-prints of imbedded fossil, or letters carved upon tablets of stone; for notwithstanding his peculiar temperament, he belonged truly to that class of whom it is said, "that amid multitudes thronging like forest leaves, heart hath still clung to heart, and one hath ever chosen one."

Frequent letters, telling hopefully of the present and future, gave a golden woof to the first and seconds years of his absence. Then came a long silence, then a sad report of death of the hands of men in the bush, which circumstances confirmed.

The third, fourth, and fifth years went by, and Nelly turned from her hidden sorrow to become the affianced of another, and in due time his bride.

Ames, in the meantime, had met with severe losses; for weeks he had lain with a burning fever, very near the door of death, and for other weeks and even months he lingered on in a state of slow and uncertain convalescence. Letters had been written, but none ever received, by himself or friends; so, crushing back the thought that he was forgotten, he gave his best energies to the work of regaining his lost fortune, and eventually of seeking his early home.

An hour and a half had passed since Nelly's husband went out—so said the little clock upon the mantel piece. She must shake off at once the palsying hand that lay upon her heart so heavily, and return from the faded past.

Alas! for the heart that has buried its fondest dreams by the wayside; and, after journeying a long way on, hears the sound of a long hushed voice, and sees the beckoning of an earnest, impassioned hand, and then turns away to the realities of the present, with a resolve to look backward no more!

Nelly bathed her face and arranged her hair. She lit the gas, drew up a favorite chair beside her own, placed a pair of slippers, which her own hands had wrought, on an ottoman beside her, and entered mechanically upon the contents of the volume before her.

Fifteen minutes, the 'bus stopped and her husband's step was heard in the hall. "Why, Nelly, how pale you look! I am sure you are not well," said he, taking the proffered seat, and unclasping the bracelet from her arm in search of her pulse.

"And what's the disease, doctor?" said she, after a little pause, with an attempt at playfulness.

"As much as to say I'm a quack," he answered reprovingly; and Nelly noted the wistful, affectionate gaze of his eye. "If those cheeks don't get back their color by the morning, we'll have one of the true stamp here."

The next day Ralph went as usual to business; but Nelly kept her room. Towards noon the servant brought up a letter addressed in a strangely familiar hand. She quickly tore off the seal and read:

NELLY:—Farewell! Heaven help and pity me!"

That night the physician came. Nelly's physical system seemed perfectly prostrate, fever supervened, and for many days they watched fearfully by her bedside. Then her fervent tension went up that for the watcher's sake she might be spared—and they were answered.

Henceforth the flowers of love grew thickly beside her pathway, and in their fragrance she forgot those which once blossomed, faded and fell, springing up in mocking beauty when beyond her reach.

Or, if their memory chanced to flit before her in an unguarded hour, she remembered that earthly institutions perish with our pilgrimage—that in the other world they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," but live and love for ever.

TO FIT THE CRIME.—According to popular belief, fostered by story writers generally, Indians look down upon their wives and make them simply beasts of burden. That the "squaw" is, however, sometimes regarded by them as something more than an equivalent for so many cattle, is shown by the following.

A good many years ago a warrior of the Penobscot tribe in New Hampshire got drunk. When he came home he was in a bad humor, and finding his wife in his way he stuck her feet in the fire and burned them.

The other Indians discovered this promptly, and tried him by a very summary process. The general opinion was that he should be executed forthwith; but one of the elder bucks interposed and gave this advice:

"No shoot him: make him live long as squaw live; him carry squaw when she want walk; when squaw die bimeby, then we shoot."

This advice appealed to the other men, and they decided to punish the buck as the old chief suggested. So the buck carried his wife about on his back, whenever the tribe moved, whenever she wanted to go anywhere.

However much he disliked the arrangement, he did not dare to ill-treat her, much less to kill her, because his life depended on hers. Whether the woman died first or the man, and whether he was finally pardoned or executed, is not recorded.

DUE TO OVER EATING.—A hygienist of repute says that a large proportion of the ills which afflict persons past the middle of life are due to errors in diet, chiefly in the direction of excess in quantity. They eat too much and too often.

For the majority of city dwellers, especially brain workers, three meals a day are too many; two are all sufficient for most people, and many are better off with meat only once in the twenty-four hours.

The other meals should be slight, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, milk, green vegetables, and fruit. There is an unfounded prejudice against nuts, which are regarded as indigestible, but that is because they are eaten at the wrong time. They should be taken at the beginning of a meal instead of at the end.

At Home and Abroad.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the State, and is paid a pension for support and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday.

A species of baboon inhabiting the colony of the Cape of Good Hope has become a pest to the farmers by destroying their lambs. It is asserted that they have taken note of the fact that women do not carry firearms, and therefore need not be feared. But as soon as a man appears the baboons take to their heels. On this account the farmers have lately devised the plan of dressing in women's apparel when they set out to shoot these animals.

A certain theatre, finding business rather bad, announced the following effects for sale: A sea, consisting of twelve waves, the twelfth of which is larger than the others; a dozen and a half clouds, edged with black; a rainbow, somewhat faded; a beautiful snow-storm of flakes of paper; three bottles of lightning; a setting sun and a new moon, rather old; Othello's handkerchief and a pasha's moustache; a complete repast, consisting of four cardboard entrees, a cardboard pie, and a fowl of the same material; several oak bottles and a wax dessert, etc.

A curious experiment is being made in Berlin with a view to ascertaining what food is best for a soldier. A number of students, who have volunteered from the Friedrich-Wilhelm Military Medical Academy, have for some time past been accompanying the Third Regiment of Guards in all its marching and field practices. They are dressed in the uniform of lance corporals, with full field kit, and do full private's drill and duty, sharing in every fatigue. They are being fed on special rations of various kinds, and immediately after drill or practice they attend at the Charity Hospital, where their condition is officially inquired into, and before, as well as after, each turn-out, their weights and pulse are ascertained, and they are thoroughly examined. The experiments, which are under the supervision of a medical staff officer, are to be continued for some time. The students receive only the prescribed food, and are not allowed to procure any other whatever.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

We offer Special Prizes to best agents in *addition* to a good commission for every subscriber secured.

Mrs. V., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: "Our commissions and prize have wiped out one hundred dollars church indebtedness."

We divided nearly $15,000 last year among 440 agents, as special rewards, to our best workers.

We shall do the same this year.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

DURING THE COMING YEAR

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

WILL BE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, AND THIS IT WILL CELEBRATE

By eclipsing all its former efforts. It will strive for two things: to make women happy in their homes and to help them in their lives. There will be a new, strong vitality in the magazine: new facilities will make new things possible. IN 1898 SUBSCRIBERS WILL SHARE IN THE JOURNAL'S BEST YEAR.

The most popular feature ever secured by the JOURNAL will consist of

The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife

As she writes them to her sister at home. They are the actual social experiences of a prominent Cabinet member's wife. For this reason the authorship will be withheld.

The most intimate peeps behind the curtain of high official and social life in Washington, written by one woman to another,—the wife of a Cabinet member to her favorite sister at home. Prominent in society, and a close friend of the President's wife, the President and the highest officials in the land, with the most brilliant women in Washington social life, figure familiarly in the scenes.

Through the "experiences" runs the strange romance of a beautiful Washington girl and a Lieutenant of the Army, into whose lives come the intrigues of one of the dangerously clever and beautiful women who infest the social life of the Capital. It will prove the most fascinating recital of politics, love, and the intrigues of high social and official life ever given publicity.

Ian Maclaren Will Write a Series of Articles

No writer of recent times has so endeared himself to thousands of people through his pen as has "Ian Maclaren," and in these "talks" on matters very close to the interests of every man and woman he will win even a stronger place in their affections.

The JOURNAL will have more stories during 1898 than in any previous year. There will be

Fully Thirty Bright, Live Stories During 1898

There will be two numbers entirely made up of stories.

The January issue will be made

A Midwinter Fiction Number

And the August issue, as heretofore,

A Midsummer Fiction Number

There will be stories, of course, in each number of the JOURNAL, but a larger proportion of them in these two issues.

Among the wealth of stories will be

Mark Twain's New Humorous Story
A Ghost Story by Marion Crawford
The First Story by Clara Morris
Mrs. Rollins' Quaint "Philippa" Stories
Several Stories by Mrs. Whitney

Following these will appear stories by

John Kendrick Bangs, Will N. Harben, Jeannette H. Walworth, Sophie Swett, and others

Hamlin Garland's New Novelette, "The Doctor"

The Romance of a Man Born to be "a Friend of All Women and a Lover of None"

A strong romance of a prosperous doctor, who believes himself born to be "a friend of all women and a lover of none." Two beautiful girls become his patients: one a girl of the slums; the other the daughter of a well-to-do home. The emotions awakened by each girl form the strong groundwork of a man's battle between feelings of an undecided love and a yearning tenderness. Mr. William T. Smedley illustrates this story.

Two Romantic Episodes of Royal Exiles in America

Are told in two peculiarly fascinating articles:

When Louis Philippe Taught School in Philadelphia

By Camillus Phillips

The tale is told of how the future King of France played pedagogue in America's Capital to earn his living, and gives the famous answer of the magnate of American finance, Thomas Willing, when the Royal teacher sought his daughter's hand.

When the King of Spain Lived on the Banks of the Schuylkill

By William Perrine

A fascinating story is this, when the great Napoleon's brother escaped to America, hoping that Napoleon himself would escape from St. Helena and join him. It is a picture of the life of a King and his two beautiful Princesses in our own land.

Ex-President Harrison on The Flag in the Home

It was General Harrison's idea that the stars and stripes should float over every schoolhouse in America. Now, in a stirring article, he carries the idea farther, and shows why the flag should find a place over every fireside in our country.

John Philip Sousa, "The Great March King"

Whose soul-stirring marches every one knows, has composed a waltz for the JOURNAL, which he calls

The Lady of the White House

The complete composition will be published in an early copy of the JOURNAL.

In Needlework it Will Greatly Excel

Over any other year. With new arrangements, specially perfected, it will, in every issue, give one or more pages to the Newest Practical Embroidery, Knitting, Crocheting, Tatting, Drawn-Work, Patchwork—giving fresh ideas in every branch of Needlework.

Fanny Crosby, "The Blind Singer"

Whose beautiful hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Rescue the Perishing," have made her name beloved in thousands of households, has written a new hymn and a new song for the JOURNAL.

The Most Remarkable Sunday-School in the World

Is in America, the inception and work of one man, who to-day maintains it, now authoritatively described for the first time.

Mrs. Abbott's Peaceful Valley

Already so well received as showing the practical possibilities of happy village life, will run through several of the issues during 1898.

Mrs. Bottome's Popular Talks

Will continue through the year. A new departure will be Mrs. Bottome's ideas for "New Lines of Work for the Circles."

There will be a delightful series, the first article of which will present

The Anecdotal Side of Mrs. Cleveland

The closest friends of Mrs. Cleveland have here combined to tell the brightest anecdotes of her tact and grace—stories and anecdotes which have never been told, and which show her as no sketch nor biography could possibly portray her. One sees Mrs. Cleveland in these pithy little stories with delightful unreserve. Following the article on Mrs. Cleveland will be presented

The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain

In stories of his dry humor, and personal anecdotes which he has told to his intimate friends, heretofore not printed. A laugh is on every line.

The Anecdotal Side of Edison

Presenting stories of the wonderful wizard's strange life: his singular absent-mindedness: his forgetfulness of day or night or family.

The Anecdotal Side of the President

Those who know President McKinley best tell these stories in this article: stories which bring out his strong personality, and show the gentle side of his character which Mrs. McKinley knows so well. Each story is new.

Lilian Bell's Sparkling Letters From Europe

Commenced in the last October JOURNAL, will continue through several issues during 1898. Every line of these letters sparkles with Miss Bell's bright wit and clever piquancy. Miss Bell's letter from Paris, in the January JOURNAL, describes, with remarkable clash, French life as she sees it for the first time. Paris passes before one as if in a vitascope.

The Romantic Flavor of Life in Old New York

IN TWO FASCINATING ARTICLES, BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

When Fashion Graced the Bowery

—when the famous New York street was a fashionable driveway, the centre of gayety and wealth, and a roadway of stately homesteads and farms.

With Washington in the Minuet

Will picture our first President in the graceful minuet with the Colonial maids and belles at the great Washington ball in New York City.

The Personal Side of Richard Wagner

SHOWING THE MAN BEHIND HIS WORK WITH TELLING FIDELITY

By Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Wagner's intimate friend, and who writes at the request and with the approval of Madame Wagner.

How his operas came into life: twenty-five years it took to write "Parsifal": twenty-two years for "The Meistersinger." He finished "Lohengrin" in 1847, yet never heard the opera himself until fourteen years later. How and when he composed his great operas, his working hours, his dress, personal habits, religious views, business qualities, and domestic side.

Mrs. Rorer Will Begin Two New Series During 1898

She will open the year with a series of

New Cooking Lessons

Taking up branches of cooking entirely different from her series in the JOURNAL during 1897.
Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent.
Breakfast Fruits and Cereals.
The Proper Cooking for the Nursery.
Thirty Soups Without Meat.
Forty Ways of Cooking Apples.
New Uses for the Chafing-Dish.
Forty Kinds of Sandwiches.
Twenty-five Simple Desserts for Every Stomach.

Mrs. Rorer will also begin a new series:

Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons

Do We Eat Too Much Meat?
What to Eat and Not Have Indigestion.
When Unexpected Company Surprises You.
The Best Food for a Growing Boy.
Light Refreshments for Evening Companies.
Fruits as Foods and Fruits as Poisons.
The Right Food for Different Men.
Food for Bloodless Girls.
The Table for Stout and Thin Women.
School Luncheons for Children.

Mrs. Rorer Writes for No Magazine but the JOURNAL

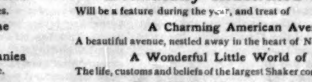
The JOURNAL'S Moderate-Cost Homes

Designed by its Own Architect

Some New City and Country Houses for $1000, $1200 and $1500

Giving "Three Model $1000 Houses," "A $1200 City Brick House" and "An 8-Room $1500 House," after which will come "Three Model Small Churches"—one for $800, one for $2000, and one for $3000.

Also: "A Model Farmhouse With Barn and Outbuildings," and a remarkably practical article, showing how the plainest house can be made picturesque by remodeling the front door and a single window.



"The Most Successful Thing Ever Done by the JOURNAL"

Inside of a Hundred Homes

The one hundred views will be given in six issues. They show how the most tasteful homes in America are furnished, and how much farther taste will go than money. Hundreds of new ideas are presented.

The Social Side of the Home

Will be treated in an unusually complete series of articles.

How Entertaining on a Small Income

Can be done will be told in a special article.

Light Refreshments for Evening Companies

Will be described by Mrs. S. T. Rorer in a full-page article.

Novel Masquerade Parties for Children

Will be described, with attractive costumes.

Entertaining Children on Sunday Afternoon

Will give ideas to many a perplexed parent.

Then will be given "Home Parties for Children": "St. Valentine's Night Frolics": "Literary and Musical Evenings": "Porch and Garden Parties," and "The Newest Church Sociables."

The Dainty Pixie and Elaine Stories

WILL CONTINUE THROUGH SEVERAL NUMBERS

To delight the children. No sweeter nor more wholesome stories have ever been told for children.

Beautifully Illustrated Articles

Will be a feature during the year, and treat of

A Charming American Avenue

A beautiful avenue, nestled away in the heart of New York State.

A Wonderful Little World of People

The life, customs and beliefs of the largest Shaker community in America.

A Race Which Lives in Mountain Coves

A strange people who live in the coves of the Tennessee mountains.

The Yearly Rose Upon the Altar

The beautiful custom of a community in the heart of Pennsylvania.

Easter in a Colored Convent

The beautiful ritual at Easter dawn in a colored convent.

The Flower Fêtes of California

The most striking pictures ever shown of these superb fêtes.

Fashionable Siberia

Correcting the popular impression that Siberia is only a land of cold, hardship and hunger.

THE PRICE REMAINS: ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR